THE CABINET,

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

No. II. OF THE NEW SERIES.

FEBRUARY, 1809.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL TURNER COLERIDGE, ESQ.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

S. T. Coleridge, Esq. - - 99
Antidote to Little's Poems 105
Lauder - - - - - - - 111
Selections from Ancient English Poetry, No. II. Robert Herrick - - - 112
Illustrations of Popular Contemporary Writers, No. I. Mr. Lewis's Anaconda - 117
Wakefield's Ausonius - - 124
On the Treatment of Servants - - - - - - - - 126
The Common-Place-Book, No. II. - - - - - - - 129

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Seymour, Lord Chedworth, Pye and Douce on Shakspeare - - - - - - - 131
Hunt's Essays on Performers - - - - - - - - 141
Green's Poems - - - - - 148
Fisher's Poems - - - - - 150
The Tears of Camphor - id.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE 152

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

Devis's Little Mountaineer by Scriven - - - - - 152
Weaver's Portrait of Coke by Ward - - - - - 153
Cosway's Lady Heathcote by Agar - - - - - - 154
Kerr Porter's King and Queen of Sweden by Agar - - - - - - - id.
British Institution - - - 155

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Stevenson's Irish Melodies 155
Cramer's 6th Divertimento 156
Haigh's 3 Serenatas - - - 157
Lanza's Military Piece - - 158
Horsley's "Oh! gin ye were mine Lassie!" - - - 159
Hawes's Dream - - - - id.

VERSE.

Extract from Coleridge's Poems - - - - - - - 160
Philosophy - - - - - - - 162
A Descent into Elysium for A Stage-poet - - - - 163

THE DRAMA.

The Greek Drama - - - 168
Otway's Venice Preserved - 172
Comment on Rule a Wife - 173
On the Stage-costume of old Comedy - - - - - - 174
Plagiarisms of the Monthly Mirror - - - - - - 175

THE THEATRES.

King's Theatre - - - - 176
Drury-lane Theatre - - - 177
Covent-garden Theatre - - 181
THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE - - - - - - - 184

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Portrait of Mr. KENNEY *could not be prepared in time for the present number. A Portrait of Mr.* OWEN, *R. A. is in preparation.*

Mr. CAREY's second communication does not suit our Magazine.

The same remark applies to the communications of *G.* of *Gosport.*

An Apostrophe to the River Nith, by John Mayne, has been transmitted to us in *print.* If the communicator of it will assure us that it has not been *published* as well as printed, we shall be glad to give it a place in the CABINET; otherwise, not.

The continuation of the ***Life of the Company*** in our next number.

We are under the necessity of omitting half a sheet in our present number: it shall be duly made up in our next.

The hurry of preparing the first number of a periodical publication has occasioned the Editor to overlook the following errors of the press in that number of the New Series of the CABINET; and he intreats the reader to correct them with his pen:

P. L.
32—13 from bottom *for* XXXIII. *read* XXIIII.
41— 8 *for* pendant *read* perdant.
46—13 from bottom, *for* tropict *read* tropic.
ib.—20 *for* overblown *read* overflown.
50—22 *for* this *read* his.
60—28 *for* se scire poc *read* te scire hoc.
61— 5 *for* nee *read* nec.

P. L.
61—28 *for* Eradani *read* Eridani.
65—ult. *for* ? *read* !
66—8 from bottom, *for* political *read* poetical.
70—ult. *read* between tragedy and comedy.
ib.—7 from bottom, *for* divided *read* decided.
73— 9 *for* soso *read* solo.
89— 1 *for* Mrs. Eyre *read* Mr. Eyre.

Published by Mathews & Leigh, 1809.

THE

CABINET,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

SAMUEL TURNER COLERIDGE, ESQ.

We regret that our industry has been able to procure little more intelligence of this distinguished writer, than what anecdote and conversational intercourse supply: even this, however, we venture to submit to our readers, under the persuasion, that no information which tends to bring them better acquainted with a man, whose writings are calculated to elevate the thoughts and to refine the heart, will be unacceptable. Mr. Coleridge is the younger son of a most respectable family in Devonshire. From the prefatory poem to his volume it appears that his father enjoyed the living of Ottery St. Mary in that county, and that his brother is the present incumbent. Mr. C. received his education at Christ's Hospital, an institution which, whatever might have been the original intentions of its founder, has certainly contributed more to the public benefit, by offering an asylum to the children of respectable families in the upper classes of society. Having completed his education at this excellent seminary, where his talents early commanded the respect of his school-fellows, Mr. C. removed to Jesus College, Cambridge, with habits not very congenial with the studies of a place, which calculates a man's abilities too much by the number of hours he applies to his books, and where a man gains honour, as Montesquieu says of the Spaniards, in exact proportion to the number of hours that he can

remain quiescent in his chair. Mr. C., in short, possessed no inclination for the dry and sedentary study of mathematics; and, if the following anecdote be true, it appears that he was not content to shew a passive disregard for the pursuits of his new residence. Being a candidate for that grand prize of academical composition, an university scholarship, Mr. C. was desired, among other chronological questions, to state the age in which Euclid lived, and to give some account of this prince of mathematicians. Our author, with much *sang froid*, after a competent answer to the other questions, replied to the last, that the person in question was one of whom he neither knew nor wished to know any thing. This reply can only be excused by the petulance of youth; but those who know the horror which so profane an opinion must have excited among men, many of whom, like the besotted geometrician recorded in history, would refuse to go to Heaven unless with an edition of Euclid in their pockets, will pardon the impertinence for the boldness of the reply. Candid, when he was buffeted for having spoken irreverently of the Sophi's whiskers, could not have excited more indignation, however, than this reply caused at Cambridge. Another answer, which Mr. C. made to the master of his college, when questioned about non-attendance at chapel, has been recorded in the Anti-Jacobin, and censured with full as much severity as it deserved. Mr. C. was a successful candidate for Sir Wm. Browne's medal, which is an annual prize for the best Greek ode on a given subject. This, we believe, is the only academical honour to which Mr. C.'s indolence allowed him to aspire; and even this, we have heard, he attained by the gentle violence of his friends, who, regretting his idleness, made him a prisoner in a room, where there was no other accommodation but pen, ink, and paper, and thus reduced him to write in self-defence. The ode, we are told, was produced in a few hours, and, making allowances for the marvellous part of the story, is said to have possessed very great merit. Mr. Coleridge left the University without taking a degree, and many of his subsequent adventures and situations in life are said to have been full as novel and romantic as any the most sanguine admirer of the eccentricities of genius could have wished him to have gone through. One anecdote we cannot suppress, as it is equally honourable to the talents of Mr. C. and to the liberality of a friend of literature; we

allude to the annuity which Mr. Wedgewood generously conferred on the subject of this memoir, as a means of rendering him wholly independent, and of giving him leisure to cultivate his talents to their full extent. Mr. C. has for some years resided with his family near the lakes in Cumberland, a spot which, with many readers, will be considered almost as classical ground, from its being the favourite residence of the disciples of the Wordsworth school. This retreat his health obliged him to quit in 1797, when he travelled to Malta, where he acted for some time as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball; and last summer he visited the metropolis, for the purpose of lecturing at the Royal Institution.

As a writer, we consider Mr. Coleridge inferior to few of the present day; and we reperuse his nervous and manly poems with peculiar pleasure after the effeminate love ditties and nanby-pamby cantos which have of late been showered upon the public. The leading feature in his poetical character appears to be a strong and ardent love of domesticity. The days of childhood and the scenes of infancy are among the favourite themes of all the followers of the Muses; but they appear to be remembered by most of them, merely as affording a contrast to the evils of maturer age. It is only when oppressed with ill-health, that our bards recur to those scenes where they were yet strangers to disease; and they recall those past days when life was new, and every thing full of promise, merely because they are wearied with present languor and disappointment. There is a degree of selfishness in this, which diminishes the pleasure that such imagery and recollections are calculated to excite. Nothing, however, of this appears in the writings of the poet before us; his tone of home enjoyment is pure, unalloyed, and delicate in the highest degree. It is in the bosom of his family that he appears to enjoy those happy moments when simple existence is a luxury; and the expressions, with which he records his sensations, remind us of that evangelical purity of sentiment which breathes through the writings of Cowper, and

> "Betrays a temper sore with tenderness."

Nothing, too, can be more affectionate than the impressions which past times and distant scenes appear to make upon him; and, what is the surest test of genuine domestic tendency, all his remembrances have a locality about

them; they embrace not only the persons with whom he was conversant, but they identify with such persons the places which they most frequented: "the dwelling where his father dwelt" appears to comprise his most exquisite ideas of earthly happiness. What can be more interesting than the following reflections on quitting a place of retirement?

> "Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose
> Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
> At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
> The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
> Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
> Thick jasmins twin'd: the little landscape round
> Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
> It was a spot, which you might aptly call
> The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
> (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
> A wealthy son of Commerce saunter by,
> Bristowa's citizen: methought it calm'd
> His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
> With wiser feelings; for he paus'd, and look'd
> With a pleas'd sadness, and gaz'd all around,
> Then ey'd our cottage, and gaz'd round again,
> And sigh'd, and said, *it was a blessed place*,
> And we *were* blessed."

Or what more sweet than the following burst of domestic tenderness?

> "My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclin'd
> Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
> To sit beside our cot, our cot o'er-grown
> With white-flower'd jasmin, and the broad-leav'd myrtle,
> And watch the clouds that late were rich with light,
> Slow-sadd'ning round, and mark the star of eve
> Shine opposite! How exquisite the scent
> Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world *so* hush'd!
> Hark! the still murmur of the distant sea
> Tells us of silence! and th' Eolian lute,
> How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
> Like some coy maid half-yielding to her lover,
> It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
> Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
> Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
> Over delicious surges sink and rise,
> Such a soft floating witchery of sound—
> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world like this,
> Where ev'n the breezes of the simple air
> Possess the power and spirit of melody."

But the muse of Mr. Coleridge was not attuned to one

stop only. The period when he began his poetical career formed also the commencement of those tremendous scenes which have since desolated Europe, defying all argument and former experience, and baffling reason itself. Poets are not in general politicians, and Mr. C. like other men of warm temperament, hailed the French Revolution as the dawn of better days. With what ardour he viewed the struggles of that unhappy nation for freedom, every page of his poems evinces; nay, to such a degree was his mind heated with the subject, that he seriously proposed, in concert with some companions of congenial sentiments, to abandon his native soil, and in the wilds of America to form a pantosocratic establishment, which should know none of the restrictions of civilized, or, as they termed it, degraded society. The following nervous expressions, from many others which might be quoted, will shew, that however ill Mr. C. might reason as a politician, he could rail with all the pointed sarcasm of a true poet.

> **"From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War!**
> **Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,**
> **The lustful murd'ress of her wedded Lord!**
> **And he, connatural Mind! whom (in their songs**
> **So bards of elder times had haply feign'd)**
> **Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,**
> **Bidding her serpent-hair in mazy surge**
> **Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe**
> **Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these**
> **Each petty German princeling, nurs'd in gore!**
> **Soul-harden'd barterers of human blood!**
> **Death's prime slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!"**

Mr. C. confesses that he has not succeeded in the sonnet; nor indeed do we know any one but Charlotte Smith who has: his specimens, however, bear all the marks of a classical and highly polished mind, and the 5th, 6th, and 10th are of a very superior description. His address "To a Friend, in Answer to a melancholy Letter," though unacknowledged, is a close and masterly imitation of an ode in Casimir.

We cannot conclude these remarks, without noticing the general air of melancholy which runs through the poems of this gentleman. Mr. C. in his preface resents all such charges from the "sleek favourites of fortune," as savouring of egotism; but as he will not be apt to suspect us of being contained in this description of persons, and as we think the remarks may be of some use to

young sinners in poetry, who are generally diligent readers of monthly publications, we shall venture to enter our protest against such sombre views of life. Many men become poets, because they are unhappy; but we suspect there are many more who make themselves unhappy, in order that they may become poets. There is something so interesting in an appearance of perpetual affliction, that young readers become entrapped into an artificial unhappiness and melancholy, because it is the most gentlemanlike way of writing, and because it is a very easy way of writing. We would not insinuate that a man of Mr. C.'s genius needs any such stilts; but we certainly think it an unnecessary degree of sensibility in him, that he should feel himself obliged, in case he met the poet Schiller,

> " With mute awe gazing on the bard to brood,
> " Then weep aloud in a wild ecstacy."

His splenetic outcries against warriors, lords and priests, and particularly against hideous trade, who

> " Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish,"

together with the wandering tendency of his religious opinions, we humbly conceive, may be attributed to that sloth-jaundiced disposition, of which the poet complains, as inherent in himself. A regular employment of six hours in the day would dissipate all such opinions; it is true we should lose some fine bursts of poetry by this, but Mr. Coleridge would be a much happier man.

ANTIDOTE TO LITTLE'S POEMS.

[*Resumed from page* 21.]

Mr. Moore's volume opens with a comfortable "crust for critics;" but it is unfortunately the very worst he could have thrown them. Its object is to tell them that his book is not intended for critics; and the appeal is first made, as Dr. Johnson says it ought to be, to "Nature!" But our author is a book-worm! Then to "Love!" But our author is full of conceit! To "Passion!" But passion has need of a guide, and criticism, or judgment, is the best in the world. To "Feeling!" And so has "Feeling," swayed as it is by "Passion," and should be placed under the same governor. The poem closes with a simile, however, which is certainly not addressed to the critical: "the critic's chide" and "fume of pride" are compared (happy resemblance!) to the "vapour on a *stagnant* pool," as if the waters of Helicon could be *stagnant*, while the critic was so boisterously analyzing them.

The idea of this poem is from the following stanza of an imitation of the style of Anacreon by Prior:—

"Let them censure: what care I?
"The herd of critics I defy.
"Let the wretches know I write,
"Regardless of their grace or spite.
"No, no: the fair, the gay, the young,
"Govern the numbers of my song;
"All that they approve is sweet,
"And all is sense that they repeat."

Or perhaps the following lines of one of Drayton's sonnets may have been the parents of the poem:—

"Thou leaden braine, which censur'st all I write,
"And saist my lines be dull, and do not move,
"I marvail not thou feel'st not my delight,
"Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love:
"But thou * * * * * * * * * * *
"* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"* * * * * whose spirit Love in his fire refines,
"Come thou and reade, admire, and plaud my lines."

In the second poem, the author is aware, that his productions will be valued by none but boarding-school girls and boys; and even them he thinks it necessary to warn that he can do nobler things.

The third poem is one of the most prurient in the volume. And "to *Mrs.* ——!"

In the last stanza are the following plagiarisms :—

" A kiss, or—something more."—LITTLE.

" Quicquid post oscula dulce."—SECUNDUS.

" What thou deny'st me waking,
" Oh ! let me slumber o'er !"—LITTLE.

" Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest."—POPE.

" —— indulgent dreams bestow
" What your cruelty denies."—SHEFFIELD.

The impromptu, which comes next, possesses more vivacity than the author has in general to spare. Its title, however, like that of the verses a little further on, called " Nonsense," anticipates its point. The words " in allusion," &c. should be omitted : the allusion is sufficiently clear without them.

The next poem, " to Julia," is full of false reasoning. The first two verses contain nothing more than the atheist's common plea for immorality, and the third supposes Heaven to be inhabited by amatory poets. The sophistry of its poor point glares through the simplicity of its language, like a coquette in a russet gown ; so that the author's faults are detected by his own beauties.

" Sweet truant ! you have nought to fear,
" Though you were 'whelm'd in sin ;
" Stand but at Heaven's gate awhile,
" And you so like an angel smile,
" They can't but let you in."—LITTLE.

Every thing, but the ill purpose to which this idea is put, may be found in the following passages :—

" —— being like one of Heaven, the devils themselves
" Should fear to seize thee." SHAK. *Othel., A.* 4. *Sc.* 2.

" The very deil he could na scathe,
" Whatever wad belang thee !
" He'd look into thy bonnie face,
" And say, ' I canna wrang thee !' "—BURNS.

The idea of the next poem, " Inconstancy," is from Rochester's song, beginning, " My dear Mistress has a Heart," and bearing this burthen :—

" But my jealous heart would break,
" Should we live one day asunder."

Mr. Moore's poem is easy, and, though it may be objected to on the score of illiberality, is free from the charge of indecency.

The Imitation of Catullus, which follows, bears no great resemblance to that poet's ode. It has less than its

simplicity, and more than its pruriency: the translation is *loose*, in every sense of the word. In the following passage Mr. Moore has translated Dryden instead of Catullus:—

"You met—your souls seem'd all in one—
"* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"Thy heart was warm enough for both,
"And her's indeed was nothing loath."—LITTLE.

"Two souls in one, the same desire
"To grant the bliss, and to require."—DRYDEN.

The sophistry of the next poem does not affect disguise. "I *believe*," says the author concerning it, "this epigram is originally French." It certainly is, and it will be seen that Mr. Moore has done little more than translate it. It follows:—

"A PHILIS.

"Votre mère est en grand courroux,
"Et dit partout qu'avec vous,
"Je trame une intrigue amoureuse.
"Philis, prenez le bon parti;
"La chose serait bien honteuse,
"Que votre mère en eut menti."

Prior may have had this in his eye when he wrote:—

"Since we your husband daily see
"So jealous out of season,
"Phyllis, let you and I agree
"To make him so with reason."—PRIOR, *Song* 18.

The next poem, "to Julia," is pretty, and, as an amatory production, unexceptionable. There is nothing in it, however, that has not been said before, although the present writer is unable to point out any palpable plagiarisms it may contain.

The next to this is one of those poems, which, from the delicacy of their voluptuousness, carry with them no antidote to their poison. Here the shafts of the moralist ought to be strongly pointed. Poetry would lose nothing by the destruction of reams of such trash. The song before us does not possess the author's usual complement of sophistry, because it contains no argument at all. It is a mere string of glowing words, *blushing*, *flushing*, *blisses*, *kisses*. The second stanza asks, with no great modesty,

"Why that little wanton blushing,
"Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?"

and then hazards a fragment of no meaning at all, which

adds that this flushing is "warm," as if it could *flush cold*:—

"Flushing warm, and wily glancing———."

This sentence is too good to be finished; and, besides, a rhyme is wanted for "glancing," which, as every amatory poet since the days of Cowley has decided, must be "entrancing," forces the author to conclude the verse with the general remark:—

"All is lovely, all entrancing!"

This is the sort of rubbish, which, having no determinate meaning in itself, leaves the fancy to do its worst.

"Nature's Labels" is an ingenious expansion of the idea "Nulla fides fronti;" and affords a great relief from the palling sameness of the author's amatory pieces.

"We ne'er can reach the inward man,
"Nor inward woman, from without
"(Though, ma'am, you smile, as if in doubt)."—LITTLE.

"Man delights not me; nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so."—SHAK., *Hamlet*.

Then follows another declaration of love to a "*Mrs.* ——!"

"Oh! while this heart delirious took
"Sweet poison from her thrilling eye——."—LITTLE.

"Still drink delicious poison from thy eye."—POPE.

"Then would she pout, and lisp, and look,
"And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!"—LITTLE.

Why should a man "hear, gaze, and sigh," because a woman "pouts, lisps, and looks?"

The next "Song" is ribaldry and blasphemy united. That Phillida's lips are Heaven is too stale an amatory hyperbole to gain a place among so much original impiety as this song really contains. Were it worth while to refute such apparent sophistry, the young admirers of this song might be entreated to recollect, that the pleasures of Heaven, if ever they are capable of enjoying them, will be addressed to the soul, and not to the body.

The surmise in a former poem to Julia,

"Although your heart *were* fond of roving,"

is now justified. The same Julia, whose "heart was kindred" with the poet's then, is now to "vow"

——"no longer that their souls are twin'd."

As her "*dear fond* lover" had been since gallanting with

Phillida, and half a dozen "*Mistresses*" besides, it should seem that Julia is in the right to give him up.

The next poem is an "Impromptu" upon a conceit as old as poetry itself.

"—— in our looks some propagation lies;
"For we make babies in each other's eyes."—LITTLE.

"When a young lady wrings you by the hand, thus,
"Or with an amorous touch presses your foot,
"Looks babies in your eyes."—MASSINGER, *Renegado.*

"When I look babies in thine eyes."—RANDOLPH.

"———— they are not wise
"Look babies only in the eyes."—*Id.*

——"here lies a gallant at the foot of his pretty female, sighing and looking babies in her eyes."
"*Public Employment and an Active Life preferr'd to Solitude,*" by John Evelyn, Esq., Author of "Sylva." 1667.

In the Portuguese language the same word signifies a pupil of the eye and a child. Camoens is consequently full of conceits upon this occasion; and Lord Strangford, his translator, tells us, even after he has, on another occasion, quoted the following passage from Donne, that the allusion of Camoens "has been fancifully pursued by one of the most *original* of our modern poets, LITTLE."

"And pictures in our eyes to get
"Was all our propagation."—DR. DONNE's *Ecstacy.*

The next poem is "to Rosa;" and now not only has the poet done with Julia, but with Rosa, a lady of whom, though she was a musician as well as a lover, the cessation of her harp and her passion is all we hear.

Hey, presto! in the very next poem the author restores Julia to favour, as if nothing had happened, and represents their "hearts" as again "living with one sensation." There is no possible advantage to be derived from reading this poem.

The next little nimble-namble is sarcastically called "Piety." It is to be feared that it is meant to throw a ridicule upon religion in general, rather than upon the abuses of a convent.

The poet and Julia are again by the ears. The annals of their "hearts" now relate, that

"—— gay indifference blooms in her's,
"While his, deserted, droops and dies!"

The idea of the comparison, which illustrates this poem, may have been taken from the Carmen Nuptiale of Ca-

tullus, v. 17, &c., or from the 2 Bas. of Johannes Secundus.

The next poem is easy, but rather pert than vivacious. It is one of the most exceptionable in the book; for, in addition to its concluding pruriency, it contains another sneer at religion.

The stanzas "on the Death of a Lady," which follow, are by no means in the author's happiest style. Their general idea seems to be borrowed from Thomson's "Tell me, thou Soul of her I love."

The poet seems to make a point of being alternately on good and ill terms with his Julia. Now their

"—— absent *souls* in fancy meet."

This trifle is of the most injurious tendency. The second couplet alone may do more harm to society than all the author's fancy has done good to poetry.

The next poem shews a little "returning virtue." The concluding couplet,

"No, no! the eye that burns on all
"Shall never more be priz'd by me!"

may have been written with a recollection of a French epigram of Viaud, who compared a lady to the sun in this line:—

"Il est commun, elle est commune;"

or of a stanza by Sir Robert Howard:—

"No, Cynthia, never think I can
"Love a divided heart and mind;
"Your sunshine-love to ev'ry man
"Appears alike as great as kind."

Or the whole poem may have been imitated from a little anonymous production in the reign of Charles I.

"I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
"Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
"Thy favours are but like the wind,
"That kisseth ev'ry thing it meets;
"And since thou canst with more than one,
"Thou'rt worthy to be priz'd by none."

[*To be resumed.*]

LAUDER.

THE latter part of the life of this impostor is very little known. He fled from the indignation of his countrymen to Barbadoes, where he was befriended by the grandfather of the present writer, who first pitied him for his real repentance, and afterwards admired him for his real learning. By the interest of this gentleman he obtained the mastership of a free-school in Bridgetown, and died much respected. He has been described to me as a stout decent-looking man, with a wooden leg. The treatment of Lauder, on his detection by Dr. Douglas, was exactly in the spirit of Englishmen, who will suffer none of their great men to be abused but their Kings and Ministers. His reasons for his imposture were at once ludicrous and contemptible. Pope, it seems, had offended him by ridiculing in the Dunciad a Scotch physician named Johnston, who had formerly versified the Psalms in Latin; and Lauder, who was publishing this version, and procuring it admittance into the Scotch grammar-schools, assures us that he found it suddenly neglected and despised. Well, but what has this to do with Milton? Why, Mr. Lauder was offended with Pope, who was a great poet, and so he felt angry with all great poets; and as the fate of Dennis perhaps had rendered him fearful of attacking Pope, he immediately assaulted Milton.

Of the share which Johnson had in assisting the forgery, the greater part, I believe, was sufficiently complacent. It would have done his patriotism good to have plucked an unwarrantable laurel from the "*dog of a whig.*" But he was certainly deceived by the book-stall reading of Lauder, who had inserted lines in the most Gothic Latin versifiers to assimilate Milton with his pretended originals. The moment the imposture was discovered, Johnson himself wrote the man's recantation in terms of strong humiliation.

SELECTIONS
FROM
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

No. II.

ROBERT HERRICK.

It was the intention of the present Selector to have culled from Herrick every thing valuable, which his volume contains; but his beauties spring up in such profusion, that it is found impossible, in the limits of a Magazine, to give more than a specimen of them. The Selector, however, has determined to reprint such of the poems of Herrick as deserve to last, in a separate volume, which he takes this opportunity of announcing to those of his readers, in whom the present specimens may excite a desire to know more of their elegant author. The Selector has been not a little induced to this undertaking by the recommendation which it has received from Dr. Drake, in his Literary Hours, of which the third volume contains three excellent essays on the genius of Herrick, and some beautiful specimens of his writings. The present Selector did not happen to meet with these essays till after the compilation of his last article; otherwise he should have omitted the first poem it contains, since that is to be found among Dr. Drake's specimens. The following poems have certainly never been before selected. They are not presented to the reader as the best which have not been given before of Herrick's whole volume, but as fair specimens of that better half of the poet, which will form the contents of the Selector's intended volume. This volume will of course comprise every thing valuable of Herrick, whether it has been before reprinted or not; and will probably be entitled, "A Selection of such of the Poems of Robert Herrick, Esq., as deserve to last."

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE.

If, after rude and boist'rous seas,
My wearied pinnace here finds ease;
If so it be I've gain'd the shore
With safety of a faithful oar;
If, having run my bark on ground,
Ye see the aged vessel crown'd;
What's to be done, but on the sands
Ye dance, and sing, and now clap hands.
The first act's doubtful; but we say
It is the last commends the play.

THE CHANGES.—TO CORINNA.

Be not proud, but now incline
Your soft ear to discipline.
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife;
You have ebbs of face, and flows,
As your health or comes or goes;
You have hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Numberless as are your hairs.
You have pulses that do beat
High, and passions less of heat.
You are young, but must be old;
And, to these, you must be told,
Time, ere long, will come and plow
Loathed furrows in your brow;
And the dimness of your eye
Will no other thing imply,
But you must die
As well as I.

ON HIMSELF.

Here down my wearied limbs I'll lay,
My pilgrim's staff, my weed of grey,
My palmer's hat, my scallop's shell,
My cross, my cord; and all farewell.
For having now my journey done,
Just at the setting of the sun,
Here I have found a chamber fit,
(God and good friends be thank'd for it!)
Where if I can a lodger be
A little while from tramplers free;
At my up-rising next, I shall,
If not requite, yet thank ye all.
Mean while, the holy-rood hence fright
The fouler fiend, and evil spright,
From scaring you or your's this night!

UPON BEN JONSON.

After the rare arch-poet Jonson died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
The cirque profan'd was, and all postures rack'd;
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words; and men did squeak,
Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak.
No holy rage, or frantic fires, did stir,
Or flash about the spacious theatre.
No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proof,
Did crack the play-house' sides, or cleave her roof.
Artless the scene was; and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;

Such ignorance as their's was, who once hiss'd
At thy unequall'd play, the Alchymist.
Oh! fie upon them! Lastly too, all wit
In utter darkness did, and still will, sit,
Sleeping the luckless age out, till that she
Her resurrection has again with thee.

THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A willow garland thou didst send
  Perfum'd, last day, to me,
Which did but only this portend,
  I was forsook by thee.
Since so it is, I'll tell thee what;
  To-morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow; after that,
  To die upon the tree.
As beasts unto the altars go
  With garlands drest; so I
Will, with my willow-wreath, also
  Come forth and sweetly die.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON.

Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
  Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
  Or to seal up the sun.
No marigolds yet closed are,
  No shadows great appear,
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
  Shine like a spangle here.
Stay but till my Julia close
  Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
  Itself to live or die.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep.
Hush'd be all things; no noise here
But the toning of a tear,
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

TO JEALOUSY *.

O Jealousy, thou art
The canker of the heart;
  And mak'st all hell
  Where thou dost dwell;
  For pity be
No fury or no fire-brand to me!

---

* This little apostrophe is inserted, because it looks very much like the egg of that glorious song in Dryden's *Love Triumphant*, on the same subject.

Far from me I'll remove
All thoughts of irksome love;
And turn to snow,
Or crystal grow,
To keep still free,
O soul-tormenting Jealousy, from thee!

HIS ALMS.

Here, here I'll live,
And somewhat give
Of what I have
To those who crave.
Little or much,
My alms is such;
But if my deal
Of oil or meal
Shall fuller grow,
More I'll bestow:
Mean time, be it
Ev'n but a bit,
Or else a crumb,
The scrip hath some.

UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

Thus I
Pass by,
And die,
As one
Unknown
And gone;
I'm made
A shade,
And laid
I'th' grave;
There have
My cave,
Where tell
I dwell.
Farewell.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILLED WITH DEW.

Dew sat on Julia's hair,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew;
Or glitter'd to my sight,
As when the beams
Have their reflected light
Danc'd by the streams.

TO THE WATER-NYMPHS, DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Reach, with your whiter hands, to me
Some crystal of the spring;
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this;
To th' glass your lips incline;
And I shall see by that one kiss
The water turn'd to wine.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears
The sweets of Love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flow'r does shew
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, these discover
What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

TO ELECTRA.

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no; the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air,
That lately kissed thee.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESS HE WOULD HAVE.

Be the mistress of my choice
Clean in manners, clear in voice;
Be she witty, more than wise,
Pure enough, tho' not precise;
Be she shewing in her dress,
Like a civil wilderness,
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect;
Be she rolling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers-by,
And each ringlet of her hair
An enchantment, or a snare,
For to catch the lookers-on,
But herself held fast by none;
Let her Lucrece all day be,
Thais in the night to me;
Be she such as neither will
Famish me, nor overfill.

TO HIS VERSES.

What will ye, my poor orphans, do
When I must leave the world and you?

Who'll give ye then a shelt'ring shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead?
Who'll let ye by their fire sit,
Altho' ye have a stock of wit,
Already coin'd to pay for it?
I cannot tell; unless there be
Some race of old humanity
Left (of the large heart and long hand)
Alive, as noble Westmoreland
Or gallant Newark, which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not, expect to be no less
I'll us'd, than babes left fatherless.

This prediction of poor Herrick has unhappily proved too true. It is time, however, to falsify it, and to give its veracity to another prediction of the same poet, which he made upon himself, with Horace, and with so large a share of Horace's right to make it; "Thou shalt not all die."

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
POPULAR CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

No. I.

Mr. LEWIS'S ANACONDA.

THERE can be nothing more interesting to readers, who read not merely with the book, but with the world also before them, than elucidations of such passages in works of fiction as relate to real things and occurrences. The more marvellous the tale, the more delightful is it's establishment by incontrovertible facts: we do not allude to cases of ghosts and goblins, which in their best authentication are always liable to the suspicion of having cheated the sense through the nerves, but to the wonders of the creation, which, instead of owing their origin to the meanest and narrowest passions of our nature, are observable only to those undaunted enquirers, who must have conquered their fears before they have ventured on enquiry. It is a pity therefore, in an "age which should make philosophers of us all," that our modern critics are not anxious to compare and illustrate the *popular works of the day*, with more general reference to men and things, not by annotating indeed every work which may come under their inspection, for this is generally to sift and not to survey, but by pointing out what grounds their author may have for his introduction of extraordinary characters, events,

and beings. An attempt of this kind will in future appear regularly in THE CABINET; and we have chosen the very interesting story of the *Anaconda*, from Mr. Lewis's Romantic Tales, to commence our illustrations. Many readers, in spite of what Mr. Lewis has advanced, are utterly incredulous with regard to the existence of this monster. They make an end of the matter at once by a vain giggle at the snake thirty feet long, that swallows whole tigers; but nothing can be more true, and it is but justice to an author, who tries to adorn his book with wonderful facts, and to unite the beauty of fiction with the force of truth, to give him every possible credit with his readers. It is the incredulity of readers which gradually brings wonderful relations into contempt, and sometimes very justly. The fiery dragons of the old stories of chivalry have justly fallen into contempt, and indeed may reasonably make us laugh, when we see the poor little harmless lizard, the flying dragon, which has been magnified through such a mist of credulity by our forefathers. Wonderful tales are in this instance imposture, but in the other they are improvement; and as discovery in the former induces us to think less of our understanding, which, from going too rashly forward, has been obliged to go back, so in the latter it raises our spirit in proportion as it shews us a path of which we despaired, and helps to raise the first feeling of knowledge, a rational curiosity. That is still a doubtful part in Livy's History, which relates the stoppage of the whole Roman army in Africa by a monstrous snake; but supposing that this whole army was only the advanced guard, and that the monstrous snake was the *Anaconda*, whose existence has lately been put beyond a doubt by the best travellers and natural philosophers, the truth of the story is not only probable, but may induce the future commentators to look a little out of the windows of their studies, and not to give up every thing as false or monstrous which does not happen in their own country. The way to separate probable wonders from improbable is to compare them with other *known* wonders; but if we know none of these, we shall either believe nothing or every thing, an alternative equally fatal to rational enquiry. The following account of the *Anaconda*, as it is called in the East Indies, or the *Boa Constrictor* of the naturalists, is extracted from the Voyages of Captain Stedman, (4to. 1796,) a man every way fitted, had not his health and spirits been wasted in the deadly climate of Surinam, to become a Bruce or a Park; for he

had curiosity, temper, courage, perseverance, and that "zeal according to knowledge," which is the only essence in the natural or moral world, that unites solidity with spirit.

"As I was resting in my hammock, between the paroxysms of my fever, about half way between Cormoetibo and Barbacoeba, while the Charon was floating down, the sentinel called to me that he had seen and challenged something black and moving in the brush-wood on the beach, which gave no answer, but which, from its size, he concluded must be a man. I immediately dropped anchor; and having manned the canoe, ill as I was, I stepped into it, and rowed up to the place mentioned by the sentinel. Here we all stepped ashore to reconnoitre, as I suspected it to be no other than a rebel spy, or a straggling party detached by the enemy; but one of my slaves, of the name of David, declared it was no negro, but a large amphibious snake, which could not be far from the beach, and I might have an opportunity of shooting it if I pleased. To this, however, I had not the least inclination, from the uncommon size of the creature, from my weakness, and from the difficulty of getting through the thicket, which seemed impenetrable to the water's edge; and therefore ordered all of them to return on board. The negro then asked me liberty to step forward and shoot it himself, assuring me it could not be at any great distance, and warranting me against all danger. This declaration inspired me with so much pride and emulation, that I determined to take his first advice, and kill it myself, provided he would point it out to me, and be responsible for the hazard by standing at my side, from which I swore, that, if he dared to move, I should level the piece at himself, and blow out his brains.

"To this the negro cheerfully agreed; and having loaded my gun with a ball-cartridge, we proceeded, David cutting a path with a bill-hook, and a marine following, with three more loaded firelocks to keep in readiness. We had not gone above twenty yards through mud and water, the negro looking every way with an uncommon degree of vivacity and attention, when starting behind me, he called out "Me see snakee!" and in effect there lay the animal, rolled up under the fallen leaves and rubbish of the trees, and so well covered, that it was some time before I distinctly perceived the head of this monster, distant from me not above sixteen feet, moving its forked tongue, while its eyes, from their uncommon brightness, appeared

to emit sparks of fire. I now, resting my piece upon a branch, for the purpose of taking a surer aim, fired; but missing his head, the ball went through the body *, when the animal struck round, and with such astonishing force as to cut away all the underwood around him with the facility of a scythe mowing grass; and, by flouncing his tail, caused the mud and dirt to fly over our heads to a considerable distance. Of this proceeding, however, we were not torpid spectators, but took to our heels, and crowded into the canoe. The negro now entreated me to renew the charge, assuring me the snake would be quiet in a few minutes, and at any rate persisting in his assertion that he was neither able nor inclined to pursue us, which opinion he supported by walking before me, till I should be ready to fire. And thus I again undertook to make the trial, especially as he said that his first starting backwards had only proceeded from a desire to make room for me. I now found the snake a little removed from his former station, but very quiet, with his head as before, lying out among the fallen leaves, rotten bark, and old moss. I fired at it immediately, but with no better success than the other time: and now, being but slightly wounded, he sent up such a cloud of dust and dirt as I never saw but in a whirlwind, and made us once more suddenly retreat to our canoe, where now, being heartily tired of the exploit, I gave orders to row towards the barge: but David still entreating me to permit *him* to kill the animal, I was, by his persuasions, induced to make a third and last attempt, in company with him. Thus, having once more discovered the snake, we discharged both our pieces at once, and with this good effect, that he was now by one of us shot through the head. David, who was made completely happy by this successful conclusion, ran leaping with joy, and lost no time in bringing the boat-rope, in order to drag him down to the canoe; but this again proved not a very easy undertaking, since the creature, notwithstanding its being mortally wounded, still continued to writhe and twist about, in such a manner as rendered it dangerous for any person to approach him. The negro, however, having made a running noose on the rope, after some fruitless attempts to make an approach,

* Here is a plain proof that the skin of this creature is pierceable; and it is not ascertained that its breath is poisonous, as Mr. Lewis represents. It is a pity he has given a fictitious character to his monster by these additions; but no real monstrosity seems to satisfy him.

threw it over his head with much dexterity; and now, all taking hold of the rope, we dragged him to the beach, and tied him to the stern of the canoe, to take him in tow. Being still alive, he kept swimming like an eel; and I having no relish for such a shipmate on board, whose length (notwithstanding, to my astonishment, all the negroes declared it to be but a young one, come to about half its growth) I found, upon measuring it, to be twenty-two feet and some inches; and its thickness about that of my black boy Quaco, who might then be about twelve years old, and round whose waist I since measured the creature's skin.

"Being arrived along-side of the Charon, the next consideration was, how to dispose of this immense animal; when it was at length determined to bring him on shore at Barbacoeba, to have him skinned, and take out the oil, &c. In order to effect this purpose, the negro David having climbed up a tree with the end of the rope, let it down over a strong forked bough, and the other negroes hoisted up the snake, and suspended him from the tree. This done, David, with a sharp knife between his teeth, now left the tree, and clung fast upon the monster, which was still twisting, and began his operations by ripping it up, and stripping down the skin as he descended. Though I perceived that the animal was no longer able to do him any injury, I confess I could not without emotion see a man stark naked, black and bloody, clinging with arms and legs round the slimy and yet living monster. This labour, however, was not without its use, since he not only dexterously finished the operation, but provided me, besides the skin, with above four gallons of fine clarified fat, or rather oil, though there was wasted perhaps as much more. This I delivered to the surgeons at Devil's Harwar, for the use of the wounded men in the hospital, for which I received their hearty thanks, it being considered, particularly for bruises, a very excellent remedy. When I signified my surprise to see the snake still living, after he was deprived of his intestines and skin, Caramaca, the old negro, whether from experience or tradition, assured me he would not die till after sun-set. The negroes now cut him in slices, in order to dress and feast upon him, they all declaring that he was exceedingly good and wholesome; but to their great mortification I refused to give my concurrence, and we rowed down with the skin to Devil's Harwar.

" Of this species several skins are preserved in the British and Mr. Parkinson's Museums. It is called by Mr. Westley *Lyboija*, and *Boa* in the British Encyclopædia, to which publication I refer the reader for a perfect account, and an excellent engraving of this wonderful creature, which in the colony of Surinam is called *Aboma*. Its length, when full grown, is said to be sometimes forty feet, and more than four feet in circumference; its colour is a greenish black on the back, a fine brownish yellow on the sides, and a dirty white under the belly, the back and sides being spotted with irregular black rings, with a pure white in the middle. Its head is broad and flat, small in proportion to the body, with a large mouth, and a double row of teeth. It has two bright prominent eyes, is covered all over with scales, some about the size of a shilling; and under the body, near the tail, armed with two strong claws, like cock-spurs, to help it in seizing its prey. It is an amphibious animal, that is, it delights in low and marshy places, where it lies coiled up like a rope, and concealed under moss, rotten timber, and dried leaves, to seize its prey by surprise, which from its immense bulk it is not active enough to pursue. When hungry, it will devour any animal that comes within its reach, and is indifferent whether it is a sloth, a wild boar, a stag, or even a tiger, round which having twisted itself by the help of its claws, so that the creature cannot escape, it breaks, by its irresistible force, every bone in the animal's body, which it then covers over with a kind of slime or slaver from its mouth, to make it slide; and at last gradually sucks it in, till it disappears; after this, the *aboma* cannot shift its situation, on account of the great knob or knot which the swallowed prey occasions in that part of the body where it rests, till it is digested; for till then, it would hinder the snake from sliding on the ground. During that time the *aboma* wants no other subsistence. I have been told of negroes being devoured by this animal, and am disposed to credit the account; for should they chance to come within its reach when hungry, it would as certainly seize them as any other animal. I do not apprehend that its flesh, which is very white, and looks like that of a fish, is in any respect pernicious to the stomach. I should have had no objection to the negroes eating it till it was consumed, had I not observed a kind of dissatisfaction among the remaining marines, who would not have been pleased with my giving the

negroes the use of the kettle to boil it. The bite of this snake is said not to be venomous; nor do I believe it bites at all from any other impulse than hunger.

"I shall only add, that having nailed its skin on the bottom of the canoe, and dried it in the sun, sprinkling it over with wood-ashes, to prevent it from corruption, I sent it to a friend at Paramaribo, whence it was since sent to Holland as a curiosity.

"However extraordinary this account may appear to many readers, let them peruse the narrative which is related by a gentleman of the island of Ceylon, who saw a tiger killed there by a snake he calls the *anacunda*, but in a quite different manner, and their wonder will cease. I must add, however, that this gentleman's relation is so very marvellous, that, notwithstanding what I have experienced, I must confess it very greatly staggered my faith *."

"The accounts of travellers," says Wood, "who have penetrated to the torrid regions, where the Boa attains its largest size, are really alarming. They describe it as resembling the trunk of a large tree moving swiftly along among the bushes and high grass, and leaving a large furrow, which follows the undulations of its course. All the animals on which it preys fly before it; and the only means to avoid the pursuit is to set fire to the grass, which immediately spreads, and checks the ardour of the serpent. * * * * * * * * * * * *

"This monstrous snake, when he has fasted for any length of time, becomes most actively voracious, and springs upon the unfortunate animal, who comes within his reach, with inconceivable rapidity. However large the creature may be, his doom is fixed, and the power of flight denied him. He is confined within the folds of the snake's enormous tail, who, contracting the muscles of his body in proportion to the resistance to be overcome, crushes the wretched victim in pieces, and then covering the carcase with saliva, sucks it by degrees into his stomach. In this manner one of the largest of the species has been said to manage a buffalo: and we are shocked to add, that there is an instance upon record of a human being, who fell a sacrifice to one of these monsters. A man belonging to a

"* Dr. Bancroft mentions the fascination of the *aboma*. This I am obliged to contradict. Nor can I, without difficulty, attribute this quality even to the rattlesnake."

Malay prow, which anchored for the night close to the island of Celebes, went on shore to look for betel-nut, and on his return is supposed to have gone to sleep upon the beach. In the middle of the night his screams were heard by the people in the vessel, who immediately went on shore: but, alas! they came too late; their comrade was crushed to death by a monstrous snake; and all the satisfaction they could derive was to revenge his death by killing his enemy, whose head they cut off, and carried it, together with the body of the man, on board their boat. The marks of the fangs were imprinted upon the man's right wrist; and the corpse, though disfigured, bore evident signs of being crushed by the monster's twisting himself round the head, neck, breast, and thigh. The snake measured about thirty feet: and when the jaws were extended, they admitted a body the size of a man's head. When these animals have swallowed their prey, they may be approached without fear, as they for some time afterwards lose all ability to move, and lie as it were in a kind of torpor. They have been known to remain in this state for five or six days, till the food they have ingorged is digested, and they are in a condition to seek for more.—The ancient Mexicans are said to have held the great Boa in religious veneration. They distinguished it by a name signifying Emperor, or Powerful."—*Zoography, vol. 2. pp.* 81, 88.

WAKEFIELD'S AUSONIUS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE Delphin edition of Ausonius, (Parisiis, typis Jacobi Guerin, 1730,) which formerly belonged to the Reverend Gilbert Wakefield, is now in my possession. The margin contains some conjectural emendations of the text, in the hand-writing of that celebrated critic. I do not presume to decide upon the merit of these corrections: if you think them worthy of a place in your CABINET, they are much at your service. I confess that I am not a great admirer of Mr. Wakefield's editions: in my humble judgment, he was unwarrantably licentious in slashing the text: he was, however, a scholar of great attainments: his conjectures therefore deserve the attention of your classical readers. If the antiquary thinks his laborious researches amply rewarded by finding some mutilated fragment, the token of elder times,

you, Mr. Editor, must confess, that classical scholars, actuated by equal zeal in the cause of letters, should kindly receive this relic and memorial of Gilbert Wakefield.

Page.	*Poem.*	*Line.*	*Present Reading.*	*G. W's. Emendation.*
4	2	7	ictos	istos.
21	24	6	orsa	ore.
		8	et	est.
29	34	14	duris	diris.
35	44	4	omnia	organa.
43	60	1	cum	cur.
60	93	5	sed	et.
69	118	4	læta	læsa.
164	212	17	exili	existi.
299	334	26	ripas	ripis.
300	id.	35	rapidos	ruptos.
301	id.	56	almus	albus.
302	id.	62	dispersas	respersas.
303	id.	83	alveo	arvo.
id.	id.	88	stellatus	stillatus.
304	id.	100	cum	dum.
307	id.	137	magnum	nostrum.
id.	id.	140	aut	at.
id.	id.	141	natantum	natantem.
id.	id.	143	procurrunt	procumbunt.
id.	id.	146	fundit	trudit.
310	id.	187	tegatur	tegantur.
id.	id.	199	conserit	concipit.
311	id.	203	pratis	palmis.
312	id.	221	amnis	amnisque.
313	id.	242	defensus	defensos. } the comma at line 241
			piscis	pisces. } is to be expunged.
315	id.	279	accola	incola.
316	id.	291	terras	turres.
322	id.	348	et	at.
330	id.	444	perstrinxisse	præstrinxisse.
392	363	16	quæ	quà.
424	383	1	flumina	flamina.
425	id.	14	flumina	culmina v. lumina.
438	392	2	cereas	mobiles.
443	393	51	fornacibus	fornicibus.
459	398	5	dedecor	decolor.
561	425	1	monitum	mentem.
			Tydidem	Tydidis.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's very truly,

P. N.

ON THE TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

Mr. Editor,

It is justly observed by Plutarch, that "a person's real disposition is best known by the treatment he gives those who are under his controul." In the intercourse with our superiors and equals, the desire of their esteem or the fear of their displeasure makes us put a bridle on our passions; and we even descend to dissimulation sooner than offend their delicate ears with expressions of anger or dislike. But our inferiors, and especially our dependants, too often experience a treatment reversely different. The man, whom interested motives alone induce to put on the garb of politeness and good-nature, will throw off the uneasy restraint in the presence of his dependants; and not being, like the Vicar of Wakefield, "an admirer of happy human faces," will be at little pains in cultivating the esteem and affection of those, from whom he has nothing in return to expect but contented looks, and a pleasing alacrity in the performance of his orders. There are many people who seem to consider servants as beings of a different order from themselves, and destitute of all feelings of gratitude or affection: they suppose they have no claim upon them but for their wages; and are entirely careless of their comfort and enjoyments.

Insensilis is one of this class; he seems to think his servants were born solely to minister to his use and pleasure, and looks upon them with the same indifference as upon the furniture of his house. Under the pretence of excluding improper persons, he allows them no visitors whatever; and, to prevent them from getting into mischief, he never permits them to go out. If they happen to fall sick, he gets rid of them immediately, that he may incur no expense on their account, and thinks it a wonderful stretch of benevolence if he puts them into an hospital. The consequences of this treatment are evident in their conduct; his dinners are often spoiled, his orders forgotten or disobeyed, he is obliged to ring his bell ten times before it is heard, and every thing is done with uneasiness and discontent.

The situation of those servants who live with the passionate man is not less uncomfortable. Iratus, at home, is as absolute as a Sultan; he expects his orders to be obeyed in the twinkling of an eye. If a servant happens

to let a dish fall, he is put into a furious passion, and, on such a trifling accident, will often break the mirth of a large party "with most admired disorder." He often speaks to his servants by nods and becks, and is greatly enraged if they mistake the meaning of his symbolical language. The least error in judgment of the cook-maid is punished by a volley of oaths; and the breaking of a plate is a signal for the discharge of a servant. Watchfulness and alarm sit on the countenances of his domestics, and the hurry, with which his commands are obeyed, gives an air of confusion to his best entertainments.

But, perhaps, the greatest of all tormentors of poor servants, is the grumbler; to him, good, bad, and indifferent, are alike; he looks upon servants as necessary evils, and considers them as bent on doing him mischief. He is continually on the watch in discovering their failings; and, from long habit in seeking after faults, comes to take as great pleasure in the discovery of an error as ordinary men do at finding an unknown treasure. This character is so admirably delineated in a scene of "Le Grondeur," by Brueys and Palaprat, (which I believe has never received an English dress,) that I have translated it, thinking it may be a present not altogether unacceptable to your English readers.

Mons. Grichard, an old Physician; L'Olive, his servant; Ariste, the brother of Grichard.

M. Grich. Blockhead, why do you always keep me knocking two hours at the door?

L'Ol. Sir, I was working in the garden; and at the first knock, I ran off so fast, that I fell down in the way.

M. Grich. I wish you had broken your neck, you rascal. Why don't you leave the door open?

L'Ol. Why, sir, yesterday you scolded me because I did so; when it is open, you scold me; when it is shut, you scold me: I don't know what to do.

M. Grich. You don't know what to do?

Ar. Now, brother, will you—

M. Grich. Leave me alone, if you please.—You don't know what to do, eh, fellow?

Ar. Brother, pray let the man alone; and allow me to speak to you about——

M. Grich. When you scold *your* servants, I always let you scold them undisturbed.

Ar. I see, I must let his humour have its way.

M. Grich. You don't know what to do, eh?

L'Ol. Pray tell me, sir; when you go out, do you wish the door to be left open?

M. Grich. No.

L'Ol. Do you wish it to be shut?

M. Grich. No.

L'Ol. It must, sir, be——

M. Grich. What, again, you are going to reason, blockhead, eh?

Ar. After all, brother, it seems to me that he does not reason badly; and we ought to think ourselves happy in having a reasonable servant.

M. Grich. And, it seems to me, brother, that you reason very badly. Yes, we ought to think ourselves happy in having a reasonable servant, but not in having a servant a reasoner.

L'Ol. But I'm certain I'm in the right.

M. Grich. Will you hold your tongue?

L'Ol. Sir, do what you will with me, the door must be either open or shut; choose one of the two, how will you have it?

M. Grich. I have told you a hundred times. I wish it——I——but only think of the rascal: is it for a servant to put questions to me? If I take you in hand, fellow, I'll presently shew you how I wish it——You laugh, I think, Mr. Critic?

Ar. I! not at all. I know that servants never do things as they're ordered.

M. Grich. And yet you sent the rascal to me!

Ar. I thought I did well.

M. Grich. Oh, "I thought!" Know, Mr. Laugher, that "I thought" is not the language of a sensible man.

Ar. Well, brother, let us say no more about it, and allow me to speak to you of a more important affair, which I shall be very glad——

M. Grich. No, no, I wish to make you see, yourself, how I am served by this rascal, that you may not afterwards say I put myself in a passion without reason. You shall see, you shall see. Have you swept the staircase?

L'Ol. Yes, sir, from top to bottom.

M. Grich. And the court?

L'Ol. If you find the least grain of dirt there, I'll consent to lose my wages.

M. Grich. You have not watered the mule?

L'Ol. Oh, sir, ask the neighbours, who saw me go by with it.

M. Grich. Have you given it some oats?

L'Ol. Yes, sir, William was present at the time.

M. Grich. But you have not carried those bottles of bark where I told you?

L'Ol. Pardon me, sir, and I have brought back the empty ones.

M. Grich. And my letters, have you taken them to the post?

L'Ol. Yes, sir, I took care not to forget them.

M. Grich. I have forbidden you a hundred times to be scratching your cursed violin, and yet, this morning, I heard—

L'Ol. This morning! You forget sir, you broke it, yesterday, into a thousand pieces.

M. Grich. I will engage those two piles of wood are still—

L'Ol. They are housed, sir. Really, since that, I have helped William in putting a load of hay into the loft; I have watered all the trees of the garden; I have cleaned the walks; I have dug three beds; and I was finishing the fourth when I heard you knock.

M. Grich. Oh! I must drive this rascal out of my house: I never had a servant that provoked me like this fellow: I shall die of vexation. Get out of my sight.

L'Ol. What the devil's come to him?

Ar. (*pitying him.*) You had better go away."

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble Servant,

DOMESTICUS.

THE COMMON-PLACE-BOOK,

No. II.

LOPE DE VEGA.

IT is said of Lope de Vega, that he was once asked by the Bishop of Beller to explain one of his sonnets, which the Bishop said he had often read, but never understood. Lope took up the sonnet; and, after reading it over and over several times, frankly acknowledged that he did not understand it himself.

BLAIR AND CAMPBELL.

Perhaps there never was a more palpable plagiarism than the following passages discover:—

"Like those of angels, few, and far between."—*Grave.*

"Like angel-visits, few, and far between."—*Pleasures of Hope.*

TITLE OF A PLAY.

The following words, which look more like part of the dialogue than the title of a play, are nevertheless its only cognomen: "The Case is Alter'd. How? Ask Dalio and Milo."

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

The following fine reflection is to be found in the life of this interesting character:—"Every body loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarce love one another."

THE VICTIM OF SENSIBILITY.

M. Dutens tells us, in his "Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose," that, as he received the cruel intelligence of the loss of his mistress in the presence of five or six girls, who had been bred at the same school with her, he could not do less than dash his head against the wall, in order to gain their admiration as the victim of excessive attachment.

A DUEL BY POSTULATES, OR AN ACTION UPON ADMISSIONS.

"Sir," said a Spanish officer, as M. Dutens relates, "I marvel at your audacity thus to deny my assertions; were I near you I would give you a blow, to teach you good manners; take it for granted that I have done it." "And I, sir," replied the Gascon, to whom this braggadocia addressed himself, "to chastise your insolence, this moment run you through the body; take it for granted that you are a dead man."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

" Vir bonus ac prudens versus reprendet inertes;
" Culpabit duros; incomptis adlinet atrum
" Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
" Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;
" Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
" Fiet Aristarchus; non dicet, cur ego amicum
" Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
" In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistrè."

HOR. *Ars Poet.*

SEYMOUR, LORD CHEDWORTH, PYE, AND DOUCE, ON SHAKSPEARE.

[*Continued from p.* 65.]

If many of the notes on Shakspeare are frivolous, what must the comments on those frivolous notes be? and what, it will be retorted to us by Mr. Pye, must a review of the comments on those frivolous notes be? Why, we will confess to him, that his book is scarcely worth reviewing; but criticism on criticism is rather more congenial to the pages of a reviewer than of a reviewee, of a work that professes to review, than of a work which is liable to be reviewed; and were it only for the sake of asserting our own rights, we should be tempted to exclaim against the advances of this compound kind of commentating, this overwhelmer of genius in a geometrical ratio. Let us suppose for a moment, as may very readily be the case, that here is another critic who does not at all agree with Mr. Pye; well, he immediately sits down to write annotations on the comments on the commentators on Shakspeare; so that the poor reviewer finds as much difficulty in getting at the poorer theme of all this hecatomb of criticism, as there is in coming at *the house that Jack built* when the story is nearly at its close, and is compelled to tell his friends he is writing a review of some annotations, that appeared on some comments, that were published on the commentators, who have illustrated a certain great poet. The avenues of criticism are thus blocked up three or four deep; and all the poor whipper-in of a reviewer can do, is to get a glimpse of the common author now

and then, through the bobbings of his critics' heads, like a play-goer, who should, in Addison's time, have planted himself behind the great wigs of the front rows of the pit, to see Shakspeare performed.

The idea of ridiculing the pompous and empty comments on Shakspeare has been successfully hazarded by the Canons of Criticism of Mr. Edwards; but the materials which compose Mr. Pye's volume have by no means "the wit to keep them sweet," which recommends those of his predecessor. Not, however, that Mr. Pye is one jot less severe upon poor Warburton than Mr. Edwards was; and if mere abuse were wit, it would go hard but Mr. Pye's book were the more entertaining of the two. Mr. Pye makes no scruple of conferring on the learned author of the Divine Legation the degrees of "fool, maniac," &c., and treats the memories of Johnson and Steevens with a levity, to which we have not at all been accustomed; but with all these additional targets, his bolts are generally ineffective, and as they are soon shot, so they will be quickly forgotten. Mr. Pye's work has none of that lively system of ridicule, of which his subject would have been susceptible, and which Mr. Edwards knew would be the only recommendation to notice, of a structure whose foundations were so intrinsically worthless. It is quite enough for us to be compelled to read a bad note on Shakspeare; but what if we are dragged to the re-perusal of that note, with the addition of a dull comment to tell us that it is bad!

For Warburton's notes on Shakspeare, no one can have a greater contempt than ourselves; but Mr. Pye seems to have confounded the Editor of Shakspeare with the Bishop of Gloucester: Dr. Warburton ought to have been treated at least with respect, instead of which his name is, without the least qualification, held up to "grinning infamy;" and before Mr. Pye has made out half his volume, he bursts out, "Why will any editor insert the folly of Warburton? From this moment I have done with him: censuring him is like censuring the wanderings of a maniac." In a page or two after this, Mr. Pye apologizes for bringing him forward "once more;" but he soon finds he cannot conveniently furnish the quantity of good and sufficient abuse he had contracted for without him, and is therefore at him again to the end of the book, as if nothing had happened. Dr. Johnson, the noblest critic, and Mr. Steevens, the

soundest annotator, of Shakspeare, that ever wrote, Mr. Pye treats with very little more respect. The immortal preface, and summary criticisms on each play, of the former, and the deep research for illustration, and indefatigable labour for correctness, of the latter, are equally forgotten; and these are their several rewards for their genius and learning :—

Dr. Johnson's Reward.

" This great man has, as a commentator, the wonderful capacity ascribed by Fielding to Parson Adams, of always taking the wrong track, where it is just possible for a human creature to mistake the way."—P. 163.

" Ask any man of common sense and *observation* (Dr. Johnson, with all his great talents, was *neither*)"—P. 186.

And yet Mr. Pye himself is, in several instances, contented to be guided by this same blundering Johnson, as in p. 242, where he acknowledges a passage to be " *very obscure,*" and to " want the explanation which is *very properly* given by Dr. Johnson." Surely the man who dares to assert two such different opinions as these, of a critic like Dr. Johnson, deserves something more than common reprehension.

Mr. Steevens's Reward.

" Steevens only doubts when he is clearly in the right: when he is wrong he is positive enough."—P. 36.

" Mr. Steevens has more knowledge in gardening than in criticism."—P. 83.

and his horticulture, in which science, by the bye, Mr. Pye is so very profound that he seems jealous lest any one should " know more of gardening than of criticism" but himself, Mr. Pye had previously ridiculed.

" Steevens, with his usual habit of finding out something indecent"—P. 49.

And is this treatment worthy of the memory of that man who " shed new lustre upon Shakspeare's fame?" The character of Mr. Steevens's notes is any thing, but that of the dogmatic. Mr. Pye has allowed that, when Mr. Steevens is right, he " speaks, though sure, with seeming diffidence;" and to say that he " is positive enough when he is wrong," must imply that he at least knew when he was wrong, and altered his style to the positive accordingly. Is it credible then, that an annotator of Shakspeare would persist in the wrong, when he knew what was right? Mr. Pye proves more than he

would be ready to grant, when he allows that Mr. Steevens knew when he was right and when wrong. He himself, however, cannot be accused of diffidence in expressing his opinions, right or wrong.

The best refutation of the idea of Mr. Steevens's indelicacy, a quality which we have been readers of his comments all our lives without discovering in them, will be found by a little examination of the passage in which this remark occurs: it is in a note on

"*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

"*The wisest aunt*]—Here Steevens, with his usual habit of finding out something indecent, has a note to prove that *aunt* means *bawd*, which he takes up again in a note on the first song of Autolycus, in the Winter's Tale. He concludes thus, "The *wisest aunt* may therefore mean the most *sentimental bawd*, or perhaps the most *prosaic old woman*." On this Mr. Ritson very justly observes, "The first of these conjectures is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which, in this place at least, certainly means no other than an innocent old woman."

Now we are of opinion, in spite of the abusive remarks of Mr. Heron which Lord Chedworth quotes*, that Mr. Steevens has, in his note on the passage in the Winter's Tale, clearly proved that *aunt* was in Shakspeare's time a cant word for *bawd*; and there is as much probability that it was used in this sense in the Midsummer Night's Dream, as there is certainty that it was in the Winter's Tale. It may be observed that to this day the word *uncle* is the cant for *pawnbroker*; and a judicious friend of our's remarks to us, that both the appellations originated no doubt in the excuses made by the visitors of these imaginary relations. If a spendthrift, for instance, after losing his money at the gaming-table, wished to recruit his finances at the pawnbroker's, he would beg to be excused, because he was going to borrow a little cash of his *uncle*. By the same rule, if a modest young gentleman rose to leave a party of young ladies to visit certain other ladies, he would assure them that nothing must hinder him from paying his respects to that kind old soul, his *aunt*.

Mr. Seymour says, in a note on the passage in the Winter's Tale:—

"*My aunt*, or one of my aunts, is at this day, in Ireland, a common expression for a prostitute."

* Lord Chedworth's Notes, p. 67.

But if Mr. Pye has charged Dr. Johnson with stupidity, and convicted him of ingenuity, he has attributed to Mr. Steevens a crime of which he has proved himself the only guilty. With what face could he exclaim against indelicacy, in the 49th page of a book whose 300th is sullied with the anecdote which is there recorded?

Mr. Pye's object, all the way through his book, seems to be to elevate Mr. Malone to the throne of Shakspeare-criticism, a situation which, with every respect for his learning and ingenuity, we believe he has never yet held in the imagination of any body. Mr. Malone is a very good keeper of the records; but he has by no means the requisites for a supreme judge of Shakspeare.

Mr. Pye's work is very desultory and fatiguing; it consists of an unconnected row of remarks on those comments on Shakspeare which he thinks exceptionable, taken as they lie in their order; and the critic has generally quoted rather more than less of the commentator in review, than would have served his purpose. We had some hopes, from that part of Mr. Pye's title-page which talks of "Preliminary Observations on Shakspeare's genius and writings, and on the labours of those who have endeavoured to elucidate them," that we should at least be initiated into the ceremonies of Mr. Pye's ordeal, by an ingenious essay on topics so interesting as these, just as soldiers march into the flogging-ground to a sprightly tune: but no; upon turning to the essay itself, we find the word "Preliminary," in its title, changed to "Short," and, upon glancing through it, short indeed we find it. An essay on the genius and writings of Shakspeare, and the labours of his commentators, in not quite seven widely-printed pages! Upon perusing it, however, we thought it quite long enough: it does not profess to say any thing new, and it keeps its word; but in good truth, it is not what we should expect from "the thoughts that have occurred" to any one gentleman, "during his perusal of those works which, through the course of his life, has [have] been a favourite amusement in [of] his hours of leisure;" and especially when that gentleman is the poet-laureat of the day.

Mr. Pye's martialled notes on each play are sometimes concluded with a few observations of rather a better stamp; but these are casual, and, whenever they are positively good, it is no fault of the author's, who does

not seem to have had the least intention that they should be so. We differ with him, however, in his observations on Much Ado about Nothing, which we quote:—

"An anonymous critic, in a concluding note, joins with Johnson in blaming the repetition of the same scheme to entrap Beatrice, which had before been used for Benedick. But the intention of the poet was to shew that the persons of either sex might be made in love with each other, by supposing themselves beloved, though they were before enemies; and how he could have done this by any other means, I do not know. He wanted to shew the sexes were alike in this case; and to have employed different motives, would have counteracted his own design."

The same motives might have been preserved under different schemes. Shakspeare might have brought Beatrice to overhear Benedick himself confess some portion of love for her, who, he was told, had confessed so much for him.

We now proceed to a more minute examination of the body of the work immediately before us. Such of Mr. Pye's comments on the Commentators as are just, we have called superfluous; and such as are not superfluous, we think, upon the whole, unjust. The very second note in the book exhibits a disposition to cavil: much against our inclination, we are compelled to quote the whole passage:—

"*The Tempest*, Act 1, Scene 2.

"*So dry was he for sway.*] i. e. "so thirsty. The expression, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties."—STEEVENS. Good heavens! Is not *dry*, in all parts of England, and by all ranks of people, used in this sense, at least as often as thirsty? I will venture to assert, very often by the critic himself." Page 2.

No doubt it is; but by the words "the expression," Mr. Steevens means the phrase, "dry *for sway*," which is by no means universal.

The following is another specimen of unfair nibbling:

"*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act 1, Scene 1.

"*But few of any sort, and none of name.*] "*Sort* is *rank, distinction.* I incline, however, to Mr. M. Mason's easier explanation of *any sort*, which he says means of *any kind whatever.*" STEEVENS. It is odd to take this opportunity of giving us an account how *sort* is sometimes used, when he allows himself, and which is sufficiently obvious from its opposition to *name*, that it here has its common meaning. The critic first says, sort *is* rank and distinction, and then says he inclines to think it *is not.*" Page 35.

Mr. Steevens's meaning is obvious enough: he would say, that the word *sort* was employed in Shakspeare's time to signify *rank* AS WELL AS *kind;* but that he in-

clines to think the latter was Shakspeare's meaning in the passage before him.

When Mr. Pye cannot quarrel with the note itself, he sometimes contrives to carp at its situation, as in pages 26 and 236. Mr. Pye has more than once quoted different notes on the same passage, merely to give one of them the fiat of his agreement. Was it worth his time, ink, and paper, to quote two notes on a disputed passage (pages 8 and 9), to tell us which of them contained his opinion; and that by taking away the modest introduction with which one of them began? "Dele *I believe*, (says Mr. Pye), and the last note is unexceptionable." We are at a loss to know why the phrase *I believe* is out of place in a man's *creed*. In another instance (page 36), Mr. Pye cries out, "For *may*, read *must*, and the note of Steevens is unexceptionable." Mr. Pye is very fond of this kind of press-correcting: in another place (page 59), he says, "Write *foolishly* for *justly*, and Mr. Malone will be right." Much wit in a table of errata!

Several of the observations of the commentators are merely quoted with a rabble of notes of admiration hooting at their heels. In particular, the short definitions of Dr. Johnson, which are at least innocent, and take but little room, are, early in Mr. Pye's volume, threatened with this punishment.

"As there are (says Mr. Pye, p. 35) abundance of this kind of explanations, and especially by this truly great man, I shall in future only mark them by *two* or *three* notes of admiration, *according to the nature of the case!!*"

But, instead of "*two* or *three*," however, in two instances, Mr. Pye had like to have "crack'd our eye-strings," with a regiment of no less than *seven*. Much wit in punctuation!

Mr. Pye sometimes quotes notes with praise, upon which we expected some of his most virulent vollies of abuse. For instance:

"*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act 3, Scene 2.

"*From the waist downward all slops.*] "Slops are large loose breeches or trowsers, worn only by sailors at present."—STEEVENS. "Hence evidently the term slop-seller, for a vender of old clothes."—NICHOLLS. These notes are *really curious*, as affording a striking example of the derivation of a general word from some singular and *obsolete* circumstance. *Thus, from one, among hundreds of names given to female dress, is the general word mantua-maker derived.*"

This is the best ridicule (for as such, in spite of the

gravity of its appearance, it must be meant) of frivolous commentating, that Mr. Pye has yet given us. We will confess, however, that Mr. Pye's irony is sometimes so bad, that we are puzzled to know whether he is in jest or in earnest.

Mr. Pye betrays very little knowledge of Shakspeare editions. For a confirmation of a note in Measure for Measure, where Mr. Malone observes, that Claudio may be supposed to speak to Curio apart, Mr. Pye adds: "And there is this stage-direction in the edition before me, *Takes him aside.*" page 25. Now the man who writes on Shakspeare should have known, that, in the folio 1623, which contained the first publication of Measure for Measure, there is no stage-direction at all, and that it is most probable the very words, which Mr. Pye quotes to confirm Mr. Malone's note, were inserted by that annotator himself.

In short, it is plain from the whole of Mr. Pye's volume, that its author despises verbal and antiquarian criticism, only because he knows nothing about the matter. His forte seems to be horticulture; and when he can bring this science to the illustration of Shakspeare, he is as diffuse as the deepest antiquary he affects to despise. What Mr. Pye wants in the acquirements necessary for the task he had proposed to himself, he makes up, however, in flippancy and pertness. For instances of this, we refer to pages 43, 162, 174 (where the whole comment on the commentator is a very critical and convincing "ha! ha! ha!"), 245 and 247. In page 225, after Dr. Johnson has said, "I would read so and so," Mr. Pye snaps him up, "Then you would read wrong."

"*Richard III.* Act 5. Scene 3.

"*Braved the east.*] "Made it splendid."—STEEVENS. Is it so? I think not."—PYE, p. 215.

This is about the pitch of the repartee, with which the alcoves in Kensington Gardens are scratched. Mr. Pye twice tells the Commentators that good thing, that "two and two make four;" and as often attempts to quote that hacknied *Jam satis* of Hamlet, "Something too much of this." He does not hit it exactly, however; but says, "Something of this too much." We also find Mr. Pye repeating himself in another instance. After saying in his Preface (page xiv.) that "black-letter reading is as necessary to the investigation of certain passages in Shaks-

peare, as dung is necessary to produce fertility, or scaffolding to erect a building; but who would make an ostentatious display of either?" he thinks the first of these much too good an allusion to be trusted to the chance of our not reading the Preface, and accordingly repeats it in the body of his work: "to explain every word and every allusion of our poet, much black-letter reading is as necessary as dung is to the production of vegetables; but who would make an ostentatious display of either?" page 62.

Mr. Pye's style is excessively careless and bad. Here is a sentence: "The long, and I may add absurd note of Johnson about this passage, is *a proof*, among too *many* in his notes on Shakspeare, how very weakly a man of great genius may write, by turning himself to *objects* he is unfit *for*." In page 88, we have "Who thinks (with *which* I entirely agree) that the meaning is," &c.; and in page 87, the word *come-at-able* occurs, not in a ludicrous sense. How is this sentence to be parsed? "Here Mr. Steevens, as is his custom, hesitates when he is so obviously in the right, (that except his notes had been written on the same plan,) he should not have noticed the absurd supposition of Dr. Grey." If the parenthesis here be, by error of the press, placed before instead of after "that," still "the same plan" has no reference but what we are left to conjecture. The book is full of clumsy errors of the press. We have "Nay, let the devil wear black for *me*, I'll have a suit of sables;" and at page 177, lines 1 and 2, there is a dislocation "past all surgery." Indeed this, and the ludicrous errata at pages 27, 58, 119, and 130, convince us, that not only did Mr. Pye neglect to revise the press himself, but that the task was left entirely to his reviewers. It must be Mr. Pye himself, however, and not the press, that presented us with such unsightly mis-spellings of proper names, as Shakespear for Shakspeare, Spencer for Spenser, Whally for Whalley, Tyrwhit and Tyrrhwyt for Tyrwhitt, and Read for Reed.

Mr. Pye, as a lawyer himself, should have known that Sir William Blackstone was long since dead, and have written "would not have admitted," &c. "for would not admit," &c. In the same manner, he calls Dr. Farmer from the dead, to tell him that, "if his house-maid *were* ordered, &c. she *would incur* his censure," &c.

It would be unjust to allow that Mr. Pye has not now and then written a good note on Shakspeare; but the

proportion these bear to the whole volume is so small, that, though the book is a reasonably-sized octavo, we can readily make room for the insertion of every note which is entitled to that character.

" *Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Scene 3.

" *Then come kiss me sweet and twenty.*] " This line is obscure; we might read,

" Come a kiss then sweet and twenty."

" Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right; for in some countries *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment."—JOHNSON. If there is any such provincial expression of endearment, it is obviously used here; but I doubt the fact: as for colloquial expressions, Dr. Johnson is no authority. The meaning I think is sufficiently clear, considering Shakspeare's carelessness of arrangement (which indeed was the *error of the time*), without the proposed alteration, which, however, is a good paraphrase of it. The same kind of expression occurs in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Scene 1. " Good even and twenty."

" *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act 5, Scene 2.

" *I cannot woo in festival terms.*] " I. e. in splendid phraseology, such as differ from common language, as holidays from common days."—STEEVENS. I conceive it rather means affected and finical than splendid phraseology, as in the speech of Hotspur:—

" With many holyday and lady-terms."

" *As you like it*, Act 2, Scene 1.

" *Needless stream.*] " The stream that wanted not a supply of moisture."—STEEVENS *. I should think the critic might have supposed the following words of the poet a sufficient elucidation of this *difficult* passage:—

———" Thou mak'st a testament,
" As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
" To that which hath too much."

" *Macbeth*, Act 1, Scene 2.

" *Bellona's bridegroom.*] " This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology."—HENLEY. By Bellona, Shakspeare only means [means only] War personified, and Macbeth is called her bridegroom by the same figure that a lucky man may be said to be wedded to Fortune. Surely Mr. Henley could not suppose that Shakspeare meant Mars by Bellona's bridegroom, and that he, like Jupiter, was married to his own sister. " Till that Bellona's bridegroom" should be read with the emphasis on *that*, meaning, " till *that* bridegroom of Bellona," *ille sponsus* Bellonæ, not merely as a kind of expletive joined to till, as *usque dum*."

---

* This explanation is Malone's and not Steevens's.—REV.

"*Henry VI.* Part I, Act 1, Scene 3.

"*I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.*] "That is, for peace-officers, armed with clubs or staves."—MALONE. It is wonderful, that these gentlemen, who will quote twenty black-letter books to investigate what needs no investigation at all, should be so mainly ignorant of the common customs of the time in which our poet wrote. Whenever any riot or quarrel happened in the streets, the cry of *clubs!* was a signal for the apprentices, not the peace-officers, to arm themselves with clubs, and part the fray. There is a note on this expression in Henry VIII., Act 5, Scene 3, where this passage is cited by M. Mason. The passage in Henry VIII. shews clearly the error of Mr. Malone's note here; "I hit that woman who cried out *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered." Surely these were not peace-officers with staves, who assisted in beating the King's porter in the exercise of his duty."

"*Cymbeline*, Act 4, Scene 2.

"*Who, otherwise than noble Nature did,*
"*Hath altered this good picture.*"

"To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; this question, therefore, is, 'Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than Nature did it?"—JOHNSON. "Olivia, speaking of her own picture, asks Viola, if it is not well done."—STEEVENS. "*Fecit* was till lately the technical term universally annexed to pictures and engravings."—HENLEY. Notwithstanding these notes, I cannot but think the word *did* is used here only as an auxiliary verb; that the opposition is intended between a natural and a violent death; and that the proper construction is, "Who hath altered the picture otherwise than Nature did?" [hath?]

[*To be concluded.*]

Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres, including general Observations on the Practice and Genius of the Stage. By the Author of the Theatrical Criticisms in the Weekly Paper called *The News* (now of those in that called *The Examiner*). London. John Hunt. 1807. 12mo., pp. xvi, 229, 58, and xvii.

We consider this little volume as the most valuable record that has ever illustrated the English stage. It is quite a different thing from those theatrical farragos, which Cibber, Davies, Tate Wilkinson, and others, have written *about* the stage of their times, not to mention that it is the production of a gentleman who never set foot in the green-room, Mr. Leigh Hunt. The design of Mr. Hunt's volume, however, like the execution, is perfectly different from the rambling works of the authors we have named: there are a good many important facts in most of these works; but they contain no attempts at succinct, and they must, if they had attempted it, have

failed in impartial criticism of the merits of the actors with whom they were contemporary. Mr. Hunt's volume must be allowed to be as original a picture of the present stage, as it is a valuable, and upon the whole a correct, one; for the works it most resembles, Churchill's and Anthony Pasquin's in verse, and the Histories of the Green-Room, Dramatic Synopses, and a little pamphlet called a General View of the Stage, by Mr. Wilkes, 1719, in prose, contain, the former more satire, and the latter more eulogy, than criticism.

The present work contains distinct views of the histrionic merits of, in tragedy, Mr. Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Pope, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Henry Siddons, Mr. Henry Johnston, Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Powell; in comedy, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Munden, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Liston, Mr. Emery, Mr. Wewitzer, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Dowton, Mr. Mathews, Miss Pope, Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Mellon, Mrs. Jordan, and Miss Duncan; and in both tragedy and comedy, Mr. Elliston, Mrs. Henry Siddons, Miss Smith, Mr. Cooke, and Mr. Charles Kemble. The branches of tragedy and comedy are each preceded by an essay on their representation; several of the criticisms are illustrated by extracts from Mr. Hunt's late paper, the News, which are closely thrown into an Appendix; and a copious Index completes the value of the book.

"I intended at first," says Mr. Hunt in his Preface, "to go through the entire list of both theatres, and it was not till the tragic section had been printed, that I discovered the nameless multitude, which this plan would have compelled me to individualize. I am sorry that I did not consider this objection sooner, as there are two or three essays, under the head of tragedy, which I might have spared the reader. The second and third sections, however, are confined to those performers whom I regarded as the possessors of some *exclusive originality*." Pages viii. and ix.

If this be the test of admission into Mr. Hunt's volume, we are of opinion that Mrs. Charles Kemble, Mrs. Davenport, Mr. Russel, and Mr. Taylor (besides Mr. Young, Mrs. Henry Johnston, and perhaps Miss Norton in comedy, who were not performing in London at the time the book was written), were fully prepared to have stood this test; and we are surprised that they have escaped the ingenious author's notice.

The first of Mr. Hunt's criticisms is on Mr. Kemble; and the merits of this eccentric actor are here very fairly

appreciated; but when, in criticising Mr. Elliston, Mr. Hunt is led, by calling that gentleman "the greatest actor of the present day," to institute a comparison between the tragedy of the two actors, we not only think that he is much too partial to that of Mr. Elliston, but that the idea of any such comparison is completely ridiculous. Of this, however, hereafter.

The next article, which is on Mrs. Siddons, is very unworthy of its subject, and will by no means present that discriminative picture of her powers to posterity, which the generality of Mr. Hunt's criticisms cannot fail to preserve. "To write a criticism," says Mr. Hunt, "on Mrs. Siddons, is to write a panegyric:" highly as we appreciate Mrs. Siddons's talents, we cannot agree to this; there will always be shades of excellence even in perfection itself, and it is the business of criticism to separate and compare these: at any rate, to write a mere panegyric is not to write a criticism. Mrs. Siddons, so far from being the subject of nothing but a laboured *éloge*, presents many points to the eye of criticism: her too familiar mode of washing her hands in Lady Macbeth has been ridiculed with much justice; and it must be remembered that Mrs. Siddons, till very lately, played characters of elegant comedy, and to this day retains Hermione in the Winter's Tale, in the first act of which she is as dull as she attempts to be vivacious. It would have been worthy of Mr. Hunt's talents too, upon such a subject, to have taken a review of Mrs. Siddons's principal tragic characters, and to have favoured us, in this instance, with one of those descriptions of some prominent beauty in a performance, in which he is so peculiarly happy. Instead of all this, we are dismissed with a hasty panegyric of little more than five pages, including the detail of a well-known anecdote of Garrick and Johnson, from Boswell's Life.

The next two articles are on Mr. Pope and Mr. Raymond, and are two of those, we presume, which Mr. Hunt would have cancelled, had he commenced his tragic section with the same views, with which he commenced his comic. For this reason, we shall forbear to enter into their opinions, and merely observe, that, although we know Mr. Hunt to have been influenced by no personal motives, he seems to have conceived too violent a prejudice against Mr. Pope, and too great a partiality for Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Henry Siddons, who is next briefly criticised, is a

third, whom we conceive to possess no "exclusive originality," unless that cant of clap-trapping by an undertone, into which he has lately given, and which Mr. Hunt has not noticed, can obtain that appellation. Mr. Pope, however, is guilty of this trick in another shape; so that, in this respect, our "third is like the former."

The humble merits of the proud Mr. Henry Johnston are next very justly reduced to their pantomimic level; and the tragic section concludes with short notices of Mr. Murray and Mrs. Powell, which fail, however, to notice the broken voice of the former, and the sing-song one of the latter.

The following remarks, which occur in the course of this section, will contribute to develope Mr. Hunt's plan:—

"To act in comedy, and to be a comic actor, are two very different things; Mr. Kemble performs in comedy, but who will call Mr. Kemble a comic actor? Who will reckon up the comic actors, and say, "We have Bannister, and Lewis, and Munden, and Kemble?" If Mr. Pope acts in sentimental comedy, what is called sentimental comedy is nothing more than a mixture of tragedy and comedy, or, if Dr. Johnson's definition is to be allowed, it is sometimes entire tragedy; for he calls tragedy "a dramatic representation of a serious action." There may be very often a serious character in humourous comedies, such as a sober merchant, a careful father, or one of those useless useful friends, who serve as a kind of foil to a gay hero; but the actor who performs these characters never excites our livelier feelings or our mirth, and therefore cannot be called a comic actor. Lord Townley, for instance, in the Provoked Husband, is merely a tragic character who has stepped into comedy: Mr. Kemble represents Lord Townley with much gravity and stateliness; yet nobody in the pit ever said, at seeing this character, "Really that is very comic!" It is necessary to a comic actor, that he should be able to excite our laughter, or at least our smiles; but Mr. Pope never excites either, at any rate not designedly. It is for this reason that he has been placed among the tragedians, and that Mr. Charles Kemble *, Mr. Henry Johnston, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Siddons, will be placed among them too." Pages 27, 28.

Mr. Hunt's second section is introduced by some excellent remarks on the comparative genius of tragic and comic representation; and the section opens with a very complete criticism of the talents of Mr. Bannister. The article is rather deficient, we think, in arrangement; but we know of no one prominence of Mr. Bannister, which the critic has failed to point out, and of no one decision on his merits, with which we are disposed to quarrel. In

* Upon better Consideration, however, this gentleman is placed under the head, "Tragedy and Comedy." REV.

the course of the article, however, Mr. Hunt observes that "Fawcett has very little feeling." Did Mr. Hunt ever see him act Jack Junk?

The criticism on Mr. Lewis, which succeeds, is as judicious as that on Mr. Bannister. Mr. Hunt's conclusions however as to Mr. Lewis's green old age, we have reason to believe, little as we know of actors, are deduced from false premises. When Mr. Hunt says that "temperance is the strengthener of existence," and that "it's much better to keep one's health than to keep a seraglio," nobody will dispute the truth of the observations; but we believe there are great doubts of their applicability in the present instance.

The criticism on Mr. Munden, which comes next, confines its view of the actor's merits to his characters in modern farci-comedies. It is not quite true that "Mr. Munden's powers have been so twisted out of their proper direction by these comedies, that they seem unable to recover themselves;" and that "almost the whole force of his acting consists in two or three ludicrous gestures, and an innumerable variety of fanciful contortions of countenance." Mr. Munden is seldom seen but in modern comedy and low farce (if they are not the same thing); but he possesses not only natural and even chaste humour, but much real "feeling," which he does not "fritter away." The first of these possessions was lately evinced by his performance of Diaper, in Mr. Tobin's School for Authors; and let any dramatist present him with a character, upon which, like that, legitimate acting can work, and if Mr. Munden does not forswear grimace, he is not the man we take him for. To the second of these possessions his performance of Captain Bertram in Kotzebue's Birth-day would alone prove his title: his scene with his niece in that drama is one of the richest specimens of what Mr. Hunt has so happily called the *humourous pathetic*, we ever witnessed.

The next article is on Mr. Fawcett, who, too, says our critic, "may be numbered among those unfortunate actors, whom the modern farci-comic writers have contributed to spoil." "Mr. Fawcett," says Mr. Hunt, "does not undertake a single natural character, which might not be more skilfully represented by his contemporaries." We think this true, with the exception of his characters of *humourous pathetic;* and we have seen that Mr. Hunt does not allow Mr. Fawcett the

feeling which these require. But surely Mr. Hunt must under-rate the actor's Job Thornberry, a character in which we are inclined to think he surpasses Mr. Bannister in gruff manliness, and equals him in pathos. The character of Jack Junk, we are clear, could not be surpassed by any of Mr. Fawcett's contemporaries: Bannister would make it too arch and diverting in some parts, a fault into which his Job Thornberry very nearly deviates in those places where the author has not very strongly marked the character.

The national talents of Mr. Wewitzer and Mr. Johnstone form the subjects of the next two articles; and they appear to us to be justly appreciated. A short criticism then allows Mr. Blanchard the merit of "correct mediocrity;" but we think it makes more of the "unaffected nature of Mr. Blanchard" than there really is. We have seen Mr. Blanchard assume the buffoon in farces, as unrepentingly as Mr. Munden, though not half so amusingly.

The original merits of Mr. Dowton are next analysed, and placed deservedly high in the best scale of excellence, that of the representation of passions rather than habits. In this scale too, the Sir Fretful Plagiary of Mr. Mathews, who is the subject of the next criticism, has induced Mr. Hunt to place that chaste comedian. If the critic "had been induced, from the general performances of Mr. Mathews, to consider him an actor of habits rather than passions," and if Mr. Mathews's "knowledge of the human heart" was not "proved" before "his late performance of Sir Fretful Plagiary," it is because he never till then had a character of passions to perform: let the manager find him such characters as Mr. Sheridan's Sir Fretful Plagiary, and he will not hesitate to find us such performances as Mr. Mathews's Sir Fretful Plagiary.

The next two criticisms are upon Miss Pope and Mrs. Mattocks: they appear to us to be equally just with those on Mr. Liston and Mr. Emery, and to contain as discriminative a comparison of the styles of the ladies, as the others do of the styles of the gentlemen.

The comic section then concludes with criticisms on Mrs. Jordan and Miss Duncan, in both of which the critic takes occasion to reprobate their dramatic assumption of male attire. Mr. Hunt's observations cannot be expected to have any weight with so old a stager as Mrs. Jordan; but Miss Duncan would do well to profit by them.

The tragi-comic section of Mr. Hunt's work commences at once with a long essay on Mr. Elliston; and here Mr. Hunt evidently assumes the character of a *pleader*, whose "duty it is to contend" that Mr. Elliston is "the greatest actor of the present day," rather than of that excellent *judge*, which he upon other occasions evinces himself. Accordingly, Briareus, Shakspeare, De Vega, and Racine are subpœnaed to prove, that a man may have more hands than one, and may write tragedy and comedy too. "Mr. Kemble's friends," "Mr. Cooke's friends," and "Mr. Pope's friends," plead in vain for their several clients: the pretensions of the first and second are outweighed, and those of the third ridiculed. Of Mr. Elliston's comic merits we needed not Mr. Hunt to convince us: of his tragic, it can be only the actor himself who can convince us; and this we think him in no fair way of doing.

Miss Smith, who is our next subject, is said to possess "a strong and singular originality, a genius for the two extremes of histrionic talent, lofty tragedy, and low comedy;" and these are illustrated by her Belvidera and her Estifania. Of the merits of her high tragedy we form as favourable an opinion as the critic before us; her low comedy we have not seen.

Next follows a criticism on Mr. Cooke, which we think very incomprehensive. He is called "a confined actor," and his powers are limited to the expression of various hypocrisy in tragedy, and sarcasm in comedy. Does Mr. Hunt then forget his delineations of jealousy in Kitely, of hate and revenge in Shylock, and the ambition of his Richard and Macbeth? Or how many passions does Mr. Hunt expect an actor to picture? The first two of these performances, exclusively great as they are, Mr. Hunt omits even to notice; and to the last two, he does not allow the merit of that panting ambition which Mr. Cooke so ably represents.

Mr. Hunt's essays conclude with a criticism on Mr. Charles Kemble, whose talents and affectations are impartially balanced.

Mr. Hunt's work is written in a very lively strain, abounding with allusions, many of which discover very considerable ingenuity. His style is, however, now and then disfigured by quaintnesses, and his wit sometimes degenerates into flippancy: we have more than once occasion to quote against him the advice of an

old writer: "To use many metaphors, *poetical phrases in prose*, or incke-pot termes, smelleth of affectation, and argueth a proude, childish wit." There is certainly a pertness and egotism in the following passages which is wholly unworthy of Mr. Hunt's real wit and auctorial modesty:—

"Mr. Charles Kemble, Mr. Henry Johnston, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Siddons, might undoubtedly be called comic actors; as Robin Hood's companion, who was seven feet high, was called Little John; or we might say, such a man was as comic as Mr. Kemble, or Mr. Henry Johnston, just as we say such a thing is as smooth as a file. But upon plain subjects I would rather be plain spoken." p. 28.

A very *plain spoken* gentleman, to be sure! Now, all this is saying nothing more than that these tragedians could be called comedians ironically only!

"I could write a long treatise upon comedy; I could tell my readers that its name is derived from the Greek; that the ancients did not know so much of it as the moderns; that some paltry writers, such as Congreve, Dryden, and Voltaire, have defined it to be a natural picture of human follies; and that divers great geniuses, such as Reynolds, Dibdin, and Cherry, insist it means nothing but farce; *but this I leave to Miss Seward and Mr. Pratt*, or some other original writer, who says a number of good things quite foreign to the subject. I am writing not upon authors, but actors." p. 48.

We think Miss Seward and Mr. Pratt "quite foreign to Mr. Hunt's subject." Both in these passages, and in two at pp. 60 and 80, which it is unnecessary to quote, we are of opinion that Mr. Hunt's language is unallowably egotistical.

But these little exceptions to the general excellence of Mr. Hunt's volume are easier overlooked than noticed; and, had it not been for that general excellence, we should have performed this easier task. As it is, we are anxious to render another edition of the work as perfect as possible; for never was theatrical criticism treated with such philosophy and ingenuity before.

Miscellaneous Poetry, by Thomas Green, jun. of Liverpool. London. Longman, &c. 12mo. pp. 131.

The author of this poetry we understand to be of the youthful age of eighteen, and of the humble occupation of a carpenter. Under these circumstances, the production of any poetry at all is "a miracle," if

that poetry should not happen to be "wit;" but the "dull lines" of Thomas Green, junior, are literally "a miracle instead of wit." They are the productions of a youth of considerable mind, but of little education. He has read poetry enough, however, to write such a glaring imitation of Gray as this:

"The pride of heraldry, the boast of fame,
"The glittering sons of grandeur, pomp, and power."

And he begins one of his poems, like Waller, "Go, blooming rose!"

In a poem of Mr. Green's, entitled "Oh! how deceitful is the world," and said to be "translated from the Swedish," we are told of women;

"*Large* feet with *little* shoes they hide;"

a plan which should certainly have had an explanatory note for the benefit of our fashionable shoe-makers. Mr. Green's Pegasus, by the bye, in the last verse of this poem, most unexpectedly jumps into a different pace, to the great jolting of our unconscious old bones. Another of Mr. Green's poems is a "*Pindaric Ode!*" lamenting the death of Sir Richard Strachan; after this ode has worked us up into a fine pitch of distress, a cold note steps in, and informs us that "the above was written on hearing the *rumour* of Sir Richard Strachan being killed." It would have been a very good ode, however, if it had but the trifling ground of truth.

The best poem in the book is entitled "Modern Wisdom," and contains some forcible satire. The following are uncultured, but pungent, lines (horse-radish does grow wild):—

"But we, who now in fair refinement shine,
"Whose manners truth with elegance combine;
"We, who with piercing eyes survey mankind,
"While stupid bigots, to reflection blind,
"Contemn the joys of fashionable life,
"Mingling amidst a world of care and strife,
"We soar beyond the narrow bounds of sense,
"Pleasure our end, religion their pretence!
"For who, to stupid bigotry inclin'd,
"E'er kept religion's nonsense in his mind,
"But always from severe experience found
"That cash is solid, piety a sound!
"Churches and chapels, sermons, lectures, prayers,
"Are well enough for idiots and their cares!
"But must we then (of much superior mien),
"With them assembled, by the world be seen;

" Stuff'd in their pews to hear some fellow bawl
" Of faith and love, of Peter, John, and Paul ?
" O shocking, vulgar thought ! the reason why,
" 'Tis ungenteel of late to learn to die !
" Our men of fashion, all mankind have heard,
" Are taught 'tis not the mode to be prepar'd !"

If these poems are published to furnish their author with the means of acquiring that education, which we think he deserves to receive, we can safely give the volume that recommendation to our readers, which we should be induced to withhold on a literary principle.

Pathetic Tales, Poems, &c., *by J. B. Fisher,* author of the Hermitage, Mort Castle, &c. &c., Lond. E. Wilson. 12mo.

From the many theatrical names, which appear among the subscribers to this little volume, we conjecture it to be the production of Mr. Fisher, of Drury-lane theatre. If it be so, Mr. Fisher is as bad a poet as he is an actor. His volume consists of a few tales, romances, and occasional pieces, in miserably incorrect verse, and in no poetry at all, of an Elegy on the Death of Fox, by a friend of the author, which is the best thing in the book, and of a musical entertainment of a very insipid nature, called the Casket. We rejoice that Mr. Fisher did not exert the interest he possessed, " of a gentleman in an *elevated* situation in Drury-lane theatre," who encouraged him " to make a *second* effort to gain the countenance of the managers for the representation of the Casket :" if Mr. Fisher be, as we conjecture him to be, a retainer of the theatre, we are as afraid that he would have succeeded in getting his piece performed, as we are sure he would have failed in getting it applauded.

Mr. Fisher appears to have been compelled to the exposure of the deficiencies, which this volume contains, by poverty : for this we are sincerely sorry; and we too would have subscribed to his Poems,—provided he would have promised not to print them ; just as we pay a singer of doggrel, not to come within the verge of our house.

The Tears of Camphor, or Love and Nature Triumphant, a Satirical Tale of the Nineteenth Century. *By Henrico Fernandez Glysticus, LL. D., F. R. S., F. S. A., &c. &c.* 2d Edit. 3 vols. 12mo. Lond. Llewellin, &c. 1809.

This is a rambling and rather indecent novel, the latter part of whose tale is founded on a well-known intrigue.

The volumes are eked out by various means, by the insertion of a whole "tale from a poem entitled 'Christianity Unmasqued' by one Michael Smith, Vicar of South-Mimms, in Hertfordshire," by a bad imitation of Sterne, by the old story of the methodist preacher's wig, by frequent dialogues between the author and one of his supposed readers, and by whole chapters of moral and literary essay. These dialogues are written with no sprightliness whatever; but the essays contain some just, although a good many dogmatic, remarks. The stories of the novel are not without interest; and there is one little episode in the first volume which is really beautiful.

The author is justly severe upon Methodism, but he should know better than to make a Methodist preach a sermon on *seduction.*

The author is very anxious to preserve his character for morality with all his warm scenes; and, in a note in his first volume, he says;—"I am not, nor cannot be, responsible for all the sentiments, which I make my fictitious personages utter, nor for all the scenes, which the object of my work may compel me to describe: but my motives are good; and be it remembered that I am serious only, and speak my own sentiments, when I utter the language of virtue, of morality, and of religion." But he should recollect, that there are sentiments and scenes, which, with whatever contradiction, and with whatever reprobation, should no more be uttered and described, than a poison should be administered with one hand, because there was an antidote ready in the other.

Is the author serious when he says; "They had no offspring, and consequently were so much the happier; for *children can hardly be deemed a comfort, even when produced in marriage?*" These words should seem from the narrative to "speak the author's sentiments," although they certainly do not, by the above test which he has laid down for us.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. P. Thompson, of Boston, has in the press the Stranger's Guide through Boston and its Environs; being an attempt at a topographical, historical, and descriptive account of that part of Lincolnshire, in a small volume embellished with plates.

The Reverend Edward Davies, Author of Celtic Researches, has a work in continuation of the subject, in the press, which will shortly appear.

Susan, a novel in two volumes, is expected to appear early in next month.

Dr. Kidd's Outlines of Mineralogy, in two octavo volumes, will be published in the course of a fortnight.

Mr. Hayley's Life of Romney, in a quarto volume, illustrated by Engravings, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Johnes's translation of the Chronicles of Monstrelet, being a continuation of Froissart's Chronicles, will appear in the course of next spring, in four quarto volumes.

Mr. Thomas Mortimer, Vice Consul at Ostend forty years ago, is preparing a new Dictionary of Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures.

Mr. Southey has in preparation a romance in rhyme, founded on the mythology of the Hindoos, to be called the Curse of Kehama.

Sir Robert Kerr Porter is printing an account of his residence and travels in Russia and Sweden, under the title of Travelling Sketches in those countries, in a quarto volume, illustrated by several Drawings from his pencil.

Dr. Hales's first volume of a new Analysis of Chronology is expected to appear this month. It will make three quarto volumes.

Dr. Nott's edition of the Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, will shortly be published.

Mr. Edgeworth's work on professional Education, in a quarto volume, is in a state of forwardness, and may soon be expected.

Mr. Todd's new edition of Milton will appear in a few weeks; and he has sent to the press, Observations on Gower and Chaucer.

Mr. James Elmes is engaged on a Dictionary of the Fine Arts, to include accounts of the Arts in Theory and Practice, and of their professors in all ages.

Captain Williamson has a novel in the press, entitled The Dominician.

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

The Little Mountaineer; painted by A. W. Devis, Esq. Engraved by E. Scriven, Historical Engraver to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales.

Infantine subjects seem of late, if we may judge from the quantity which have successively teemed from

the print-shops, to have acquired a great popularity with the purchasers of the common prints of the day. These persons, unfortunately for the encouragement of real merit, are not in general possessed of very nice discrimination in the art: the purpose for which the pictures are generally bought is merely to figure in gilt frames as ornamental pieces of furniture; and the selector, in turning over the port-folio, "passes unheeded by" the unobtrusiveness of real genius, and is caught by the gaudy nothings of Buck, and others: the title likewise goes a great way in influencing the choice of a great majority of these *encouragers of the arts;* and the quack always labels his drugs accordingly. What *Mamma*, for instance, could resist the pretty rosy-cheeked half-naked creature called "the Mother's hope," or what *Papa* its companion "the Father's glory?" indeed so attractive were these prints, and their titles, that the author was determined to continue in the same successful career; so "to make a third, he joined the former two," and produced a print with the following irresistible distich:—

"Come Mother's hope and Father's glory,
"And listen to a pretty story."

From such contemptible productions as these, we turn with pleasure to Mr. Devis's Little Mountaineer; it represents a hale robust child scrambling over his native mountain; the attitude is easy, and, as far as is compatible with childhood, graceful; and the harmony of the whole picture is excellent. We think the foliage in the foreground however rather too luxuriant for the country, which it is intended to represent. Without any of the servility of imitation, the boy has very much the general character of the excellent children of Reynolds: the picture is well engraven in the chalk manner by Mr. Scriven.

Thomas William Coke, Esq. M. P. for Norfolk, inspecting some of his South-Down Sheep, attended by Mr. Walton, and the Holkham Shepherd. *Painted by Thomas Weaver. Engraved by William Ward,* engraver to H. R. H. the Duke of York.

In this picture, our eyes, after wandering over a flock of sheep, at length recognise three or four human beings, the foremost of whom we presume to be the worthy county member. As a work of art, this print must rank

very low: the sheep are disposed in a very formal manner; and only one of them is foreshortened, the rest being placed so as give the spectator a perfect side-view of every individual: they are very sleek, and have none of the rough picturesque beauty we have been accustomed to admire in this animal: in every respect we doubt not Mr. Coke has improved the breed. The print is engraved in mezzotinto, in Mr. Ward's usual style.

Lady Heathcote. R. Cosway, R. A. delt. John Agar, sculpt.

This print is intended as a companion to that of Mrs. Duff, and is drawn and engraven by the same artists. The figure is that of a beautiful woman in an antique dress, in the attitude of dancing: it is drawn with considerable grace and airiness; but we must object to the sharpness of the bend of the arm which holds the drapery behind, as common-place and vulgar. The engraving is in the chalk manner, and is on the whole good; but we think some of the lines are too long, and not sufficiently curved: we would instance particularly those in the drapery over the thigh, which give a statue-like effect to the whole limb. The clouds in the back-ground have a heavy smoaky appearance, and seem to protrude beyond the temple and trees in the distance.

Gustavus, King of Sweden. R. K. P. Esq. delt. John Agar, sculpt. Queen of Sweden, R. K. P. Esq. delt. John Agar, sculpt.

We cannot divine the motive of the artist's merely placing his initials to these pictures; they are evidently engraven from sketches of great spirit and freedom, and by no means discredit Sir Robert Kerr Porter, to whom we must attribute them. They are small prints, very nearly whole-lengths; the King is represented in the easy attitude of leaning on his sword with both hands. There is an unmeaning fierceness in the expression of his countenance, which reminds us forcibly of some of the South-Sea chieftains in Cooke's Voyages. The head of the Queen is turned *en profile:* the attitude is not destitute of grace; but there is a mixture of affectation in it. The engravings by Mr. Agar are in a light effective chalk style, and are free from the faults we noticed in the former print.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The Committee of this Institution have adjudged the annual prizes of 60*l.* to the following candidates:—In poetical painting, to Mr. G. Daw for his Imogen found at the Cave: in Landscape, to Mr. J. Linnel, for his Landscape with Woodcutter: in common life, to Mr. Sharpe for his Music-Master. The last has been purchased by Mr. T. Hope for 100 guineas. The prize in sculpture was adjudged to Mr. Gahagan, for his Sampson breaking his Bonds.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and characteristic Words by Thomas Moore, Esq., 1st No. London, J. Power. Dublin, W. Power.

"It is intended," says the editor of this elegant work, "to form a collection of the best original Irish melodies, with characteristic symphonies and accompaniments, and with words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country." This idea is excellent, and the twelve vocal airs, which this first number of the work contains, are tastefully arranged by Sir John Stevenson, and happily provided with language by Mr. Moore.

We are very happy to find that, even where Mr. Moore's subject is amatory, his poetry is very little in the style of those baneful effusions, which are undergoing so rigorous an examination in another part of our Magazine. His verse is here fanciful and gentlemanly, full of his subject, and, as far as our English souls can judge, faithfully expressing it. Nothing can be more pathetic than "Oh! breathe not his Name;" nothing more brilliant than "Fly not yet, 'tis just the Hour;" and nothing more poetical than "As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow." We must be indulged in quoting one of these effusions of Mr. Moore's genius; and we can find none more elegant and natural than the following:—

" Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome flowers,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

" The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline."

The airs before us are many of them excessively beautiful in themselves, particularly those of the well-known " Gramachree," " Planxty Kelly," and " The Summer is coming;" but they all appear to us to owe much to the adapter; and of the eight which Sir John Stevenson has harmonized for two, three, and four voices, the duets of " the Maid of the Valley," and " the Brown Maid," particularly please us. The latter is a perfect specimen of the genius of duet, each part taking up the other alternately. The publication of these Irish airs fully discovers the source of many of Mr. Moore's musical compositions.

Upon the whole, we are very much delighted with the commencement of this publication, and think the editor of it cannot do better than continue both the musical and poetic departments of it in the able hands, which have produced his first number.

Sixth Divertimento for the Piano Forte *by I. B. Cramer.* Birchall, London.

The admirers of the Piano Forte, and the innumerable persons who play upon it, have reason to be gratified when a new composition appears by such a master as

Mr. Cramer. His talents as a composer are of a very superior order, and are aided by a thorough knowledge of the capability of the instrument, an advantage which fine performers have over others who compose for the Piano Forte. His striking characteristics are a brilliancy of effect produced by a judicious use of the pedals, a general elegance of air, and a smoothness of modulation, which render his compositions equally the favourites of the scientific, and of those whose superficial knowledge renders their performance a mere mechanical exertion. The divertimento now published will tend to increase his well-earned fame, and will be a valuable addition to the numerous works, with which he has enriched the collections of the tasteful. The divertimento commences with a brilliant and animated prelude, which is followed by a pleasing allegretto, and a Spanish Fandango of very singular beauty.

Three Serenatas for the Piano Forte, with an accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, composed *by T. Haigh.* Op. 40. Birchall, London.

These serenatas are a melancholy contrast to the production we have just noticed. Mr. Haigh is a composer of unremitting industry, and contributes to darken as many panes in the window of a music-shop as any musical author of the present day; and, but for the general tastelessness of Piano Forte players, in the shop-window his productions would be likely always to remain. Of these serenatas, which are very easy, and contain some pretty passages, the first is in our opinion altogether the best. The second is extremely insignificant, and a fatal sign that the resources of Mr. Haigh's imagination are nearly exhausted; the andantino with which it commences is neither original nor pleasing; the upper line continues hopping about from the beginning to the end, and the base modestly follows it in unison, with very few exceptions, throughout the whole of the twenty-eight bars of which it consists. The succeeding Scherzo Allegretto is a curious specimen of the modern mode of lengthening a movement by a constant repetition of the same passage, and reminds us of the expedient of the clerical gentleman whose dull brain incapacitated him from writing a sermon; he obviated the defect by

repeating his text after every third or fourth sentence, till he made up something of a satisfactory length. This plan has been adopted by Mr. Haigh, the passage occurring at least twelve or thirteen times in the course of three pages. The third serenata fills six pages of paper; and this is the only observation we have to make upon it. It is to be lamented that Mr. Haigh does not confine himself to the composition of songs, to which his talent is more immediately directed, as evidently appears by his "Silken Cord" and "Orphan Boy," productions of very superior merit.

A Grand Military Piece for the Piano Forte, composed *by F. Lanza.* Op. 4. Birchall, London.

Mr. F. Lanza's talents are of a very superior order; the harmony of this composition is extremely rich and full, and the airs original and elegant. Few of his productions have yet appeared, but it is sincerely to be hoped that he will not remit exertions which will undoubtedly gain him a place among the best musical authors of the day.

Mamma Mia, with Twelve Variations for the Piano Forte, and an accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, composed *by T. Latour.* Birchall, London.

Mr. Latour, who styles himself *Pianiste to the Prince of Wales,* is one of these musical men who have the felicity of delighting young ladies who play the Piano Forte merely because it is a genteel accomplishment, and whose taste extends no further than the admiration of a country-dance. The town is overstocked with his productions, which are remarkable only for their infinity; every air that has pretensions to simplicity has been seized by him, and unmercifully tortured into minors, majors, waltzes, marches, &c. &c. till no vestige of the original subject remains. Mr. Latour certainly is a man of some taste, and displays some ingenuity in the contrivance of his divisions; but his harmony is always weak and insipid, and does not possess sufficient science to give it energy. Variations, to be pleasing, should have variety in the harmony as well as in the air, and it is then that they shew the genius of the composer; it is in this that Mozart has shewn his wonderful abilities, and it is in this that the *Pianiste* has completely failed.

"*Oh! gin ye were mine Lassie!*" a Glee for four voices; the Poetry from the "Falls of the Clyde," the Music *by W. Horsley, M. B. Oxon.* Birchall, London.

This glee, which was sung with considerable applause last season at the Vocal Concerts, has nothing to recommend it very particularly to the notice of musical amateurs. The air is pleasing, with the exception of a too frequent start at the word "lassie," like the conclusion to the old air of Donald, but by no means so beautiful, as it loses it's effect by recurring too often. The trio which precedes the repetition of the air is very pleasing, but has a close resemblance to one of Mr. Wm. Knyvett's glees; indeed it is throughout very much in the style of that gentleman's productions. The former works of Mr. Horsley would have led us to hope for something better: from the author of "Mine be a Cot" and "See the Chariot at hand here of Love," something very superior is naturally expected, and a consequent disappointment is felt at his failure.

"*The Dream,*" a Glee for four voices, written by Thomas Moore, Esq and composed *by W. Hawes.* Birchall, London.

There is a pitch of mediocrity, at which many of the composers of the present day remain, and beyond which it is hopeless to expect they will ever advance; indeed they seem so successful, that they are no doubt contented with the profits of their professiou, and have no ambition to increase their celebrity. Of this class is Mr. Hawes, who has published a considerable quantity of music, which is all very correct, but without any beauty or originality; it is a collection which, when once looked over, will be laid aside and never thought of again. The Dream is neither pleasing in the air nor in the modulation, and has but one species of merit,—that of being very short.

VERSE.

EXTRACT FROM COLERIDGE'S POEMS,

[The following Extract from Coleridge's Peoms will more fully illustrute the observations, which our remarks on that Poet in the beginning of the present number, contain.]

DEDICATION
to the Reverend GEORGE COLERIDGE, of Ottery, St. Mary, Devon.

" Notus in fratres animi paterni."

HOR. *Carm. Lib. II.* 2.

A blessed lot hath he, who, having past
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate, the heart,
To the same dwelling where his father dwelt;
And haply views his tott'ring little ones
Embrace those aged knees, and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own infancy
Lisp'd its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest friend!
Thine and thy brothers' favourable lot.
At distance did ye climb Life's upland road,
Yet cheer'd and cheering: now fraternal Love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!
To me th' Eternal Wisdom hath dispens'd
A diff'rent fortune and more diff'rent mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light,
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fix'd
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while
Some have preserv'd me from life's pelting ills;
But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, or a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once

Dropt the collected shower: and some most false,
False and fair-foliag'd as the Manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E'en mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
Mix'd their own venom with the rain from Heav'n,
That I woke poison'd! But (the praise be His
Who gives us all things) more have yielded me
Permanent shelter: and beside one friend,
I, as beneath the covert of an oak,
Have rais'd a lowly shed, and know the names
Of husband and of father; nor unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whisp'ring Voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours!
Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roam'd thro' life
Still most a stranger, most with naked heart
At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
Didst trace my wand'rings with a father's eye;
And boding evil, yet still hoping good,
Rebuk'd each fault, and wept o'er all my woes.
Who counts the beatings of the lonely heart,
That Being knows, how I have lov'd thee ever,
Lov'd as a brother, as a son rever'd thee!
O 'tis to me an ever-new delight
To talk of thee and thine; or when the blast
Of the shrill water, rattling our rude sash
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;
Or when, as now, on some delicious eve,
We, in our sweet sequester'd orchard-plot,
Sit on the tree crook'd earthward, whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing May,
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!
Nor dost not *thou* sometimes recall those hours
When with the joy of hope thou gav'st thine ear

To my wild firstling lays. Since then my song
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem
Or that sad wisdom, folly leaves behind;
Or the high raptures of prophetic faith;
Or such, as tun'd to these tumultuous times
Cope with the tempest's swell!
These various songs,
Which I have fram'd in many a various mood,
Accept, my brother; and (for some perchance
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
If aught of error or intemperate truth
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it!

Nether-Stowey, Somerset, May 26, 1797. S. T. COLERIDGE.

PHILOSOPHY.

WOMAN's a most tormenting ill,
A plague, a rack that's never still;
So all wise men define her:
There ne'er was one, our fathers swore,
That was n't a confounded bore,
From Paraguay to China.

Search the whole sex, one still beholds
One patch of jilts, and prudes, and scolds,
Coquettes, and wanton misses:
How cursedly their smiles betray!
What falsehood is in all they say!
What poison in their kisses!

Yet since 'tis Heav'n's command to bear
The plagues and racks of tyrant care,
And drink his cup though brimming,
I'll turn philosopher and stoic,
And with a courage most heroic
I'll love these dreadful women!

And since it shews the wisest man
To bear as much as mortal can,
And suffer Heav'n's worst dressing;
Give me, ye gods, that plague, a wife,
To stick close by me all my life,
I'll never ask one blessing!

DESCENT INTO ELYSIUM FOR A STAGE-POET;
SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN ARISTOPHANES.

Δεομαι ποιηȣ δεξιȣ.
Οι μεν γαρ ȣ'κ 'ετ εισιν, οι δ'οντες κακοι.

Aristoph. Ran. lin. 71.

[It is necessary to mention that this was written two years ago, when Mr. Sheridan was in office, and before Mr. Colman had written his best piece, the Africans. Nothing, however, has occurred to alter the Author's opinions.]

The following poem, satire, scene, or whatever the reader chooses to call it, was suggested by a scene in the Frogs of Aristophanes. It is a dialogue between Hercules and Bacchus. Bacchus asking Hercules the way to the infernal regions, is naturally interrogated as to his reasons for going. He answers he is going for a poet. On this a short dialogue ensues concerning the living poets of Athens, in which Aristophanes takes occasion to satirize some of his brother-dramatists.

COMIC MUSE, AND PORTER OF ELYSIUM.

P.—Who knocks so loud and frequent at this gate?
C. M.—'Tis I—the laughing Muse of Comedy.
P.—What? with that mournful melancholy face?
Why sure—thou'st wandered thro' Trophonias' Cave.
C. M.—I've cause for grief: I'm scorn'd, despis'd, neglected.
A vulgar Muse, got by some Grub-street-bard
On obscene ignorance, in gaol or stews,
Usurps my place, and arrogates my honours.
P.—'Tis sad:—but wherefore bend this way thy steps?
C. M.—I come to seek some high and gifted bard,
Whose fiery Genius with just judgment temper'd
May vindicate my rights; and with strong satire
Whip the vile ignorant triflers from the stage.
P.—What! is there none alive of power sufficient?
Lives not the attic wit of Sheridan?
C. M.—He lives: but, oh disgrace to letters! long
Has left me for the sweets of dissipation,

Left me, whose hand had crown'd his head with honours,
And still would crown,—to join the noisy band
Of brawling, jangling, patriot politicians.
At length his wonderful deserts have rais'd him *
To th' top of office; and the quondam play-wright,
Ungrateful scorning fair Thalia's favours,
Courts the green Naiades of Somerset.

P.—But have you not the classic Cumberland †?

C. M.—He still exists: but ah! how chang'd from him
Whose gen'rous Belcour touch'd all hearts with rapture,
Whose honest Major charm'd with native humour,
Whose Charlotte, pleasant, frank and open-hearted,
Call'd forth our tears of pleasure—April show'rs.
His pages now stuff'd with false maudlin sentiment,
Scarce please our whimpering girls and driv'ling Ensigns:

P.—But laughing ‡ Colman lives, a son of humour.

---

* I congratulate Mr. S. on his promotion to office. Certainly a person of his rigid economy will discharge the duties of Treasurer of the Navy with the utmost precision; nor could a properer man be fixed on to manage public business of a pecuniary nature, than he who administers his own affairs with such care and frugality. Heaven forefend, then, I should object to the propriety of his election to that office—I only join with the Muse in lamenting his dereliction from her service.

† It is with regret that I animadvert on such a veteran in literature as Mr. Cumberland. I admire his abilities and attainments. I have read his Observer, particularly the papers relating to Greek comedy, with the highest pleasure; but I think it a disgrace to him to have carried his admiration and fondness for that witty profligate Aristophanes to such a length as to attempt to raise his character on the ruins of the brighest ornament of the Heathen world, the wise and virtuous Socrates. As to his account in his "Memoirs" of Bentley's Manuscripts, *credat judæus.*

‡ Mr. Colman cannot plead that, like Shakspeare, he writes to humour the age. This would be to insult the acknowledged taste of many thousands of the present day. But if he is sunk so low, as to prefer the noisy applause of the "groundlings," or rather of the "gods,"

C. M.—'Tis true—his dashes of coarse fun and drollery
Might smooth the wrinkles of a pedant's brow,
And loose a stoic's muscles: and sometimes
Beneath his various merry-andrew coat
I've thought I spied the stamp of manly genius,
Some vestige of his father's purest wit.
But ah! I fear 'twas a false light betray'd me.
Let him write farce; but let him not presume
To jumble fun and opera, grave and comic,
In one vile mess—then call the mixture Shakspeare.
No more of him: my hopes are all evanish'd.
For "Hexham's battle," slew him:—"the Iron Chest"
Sunk him to Shadwell's bathos; and "John Bull"
Drove off in wild affright the polish'd Muse.

P.—Sure there are more, whose names have not yet reach'd me.

C. M.—Why should I rescue from oblivion's flood
Such names as Morton, Reynolds, Dibdin, Cherry.
Morton, a melancholy wight, whose Muse
Now sighs and sobs, like newly-bottled ale,
Now splits her ugly mouth with vulgar grinning *.
Reynolds †, whose Muse most monstrous and mishapen,
Outvies the hideous form that Horace drew.
Dibdin ‡ a ballad-monger—and for Cherry—
But Cherry has no character at all.

P.—Who is the favour'd bard you come to seek?

---

to the approbation of the judicious, who are now not "a few," then the case is hopeless, and he must be content to be despised by those whose esteem alone is worth having.

* I allude to such characters as the blubbering droll Tyke.

† Reynolds's characters are as faithful copies of Nature as Woodward's caricatures of men with heads ten times bigger than their bodies. How could Mr. Surr, in a late well-written Novel, offer any apology for him? But friendship is as blind as love, in spite of Horace's opinion.

‡ Though I call Dibdin a ballad-monger, I do not think him by any means equal to the other songster, Sans-souci Dibdin.

C. M.—For sterling wit and manly sense combin'd,
Where, Congreve, shall I find thy parallel?
For charming ease, who equals polish'd Vanbrugh?
Where shall we see such graceful pleasantry
As Farquhar's Muse with lavish bounty scatters?
But yet—ye great triumvirate—I fear
To call you back to Earth—for ye debased
With vile impurities the Comic Muse,
And made her delicate mouth pronounce such things
As would disgust a Wilmot in full blood,
Or shock an Atheist roaring o'er his cups *.
O shameful, profligate abuse of powers,
Indulg'd to you for higher, nobler purposes,
Than to pollute the sacred fount of virtue,
Which, plac'd by Heav'n, springs in each human heart.

P.—Too true your words. But what of Massinger†?

C. M.—O how I love his independent genius,
As vig'rous as the youthful eagle's pinion.
With admiration and with joy I view
The master-touches of his powerful hand.
But, oh! I fear his muse too grand and weighty
For this less manly, though more elegant age ‡.

P.—Then choose the milder song of gentle Fletcher.

---

* It is a melancholy thing, that men of the first abilities have frequently lent their aid to the cause of vice. Better be dull as Cobb, or Hoare, than so to abuse great talents.

† The age is under great obligations to Mr. Gifford for his very excellent edition of Massinger. I wish he had not been so severe on poor Mason and Coxeter. Their innaccuracies certainly warranted a few expressions of spleen, but, not such harsh language as Mr. Gifford uses; but alas! his *Persian* fist cannot hit a gentle blow. Like his author, whom he has so succcssfully translated, whenever he attacks, "*instat, insultat, jugulat.*" SCAL. DE SATIRA.

‡ I am not one of those who think the age degenerate: but certainly the rigid manly character of old times is melted into one of elegance and comparative softness. Perhaps the change is for the better, as I think no virtue

C. M.—'Tis true, 'tis mild as notes of dying swans * ;
But I'd have something of a loftier strain,
Which sweeps with manlier cadence o'er the strings.
P.—The page austere of learned Jonson † suits you.
C. M.—Yes—'tis a noble and a virtuous Muse,
But still her range is rugged and confin'd.
No. I'll have one who conquers all—'tis Shakspeare ‡ !
Whose Genius now with rapid wing sublime
Soars with strong course, like gen'rous Massinger ;
Now warbles forth her " native wood-notes wild,"
In tones more sweet than Fletcher's tender lays.
Now with strong arrows steeped in caustic wit,
Like Jonson, stabs the follies of the times
Deep in " the heart's core :" He's the bard I seek,
He always joy'd in me, and I in him.
He will revive the glory of the stage.
Then all the puny bards of modern days,
Scar'd at his looks, shall fly ; as birds of night,
Shun the full blaze of Heav'n's refulgent orb.

---

has been lost in the transfusion. Be that as it may, there is something in the tone of Massinger not altogether suited to the general taste of the present time. I wish it was.

* Fletcher is an amiable poet ; but the general effect of his tragedies appears to me languid. His comedies, however, are exceedingly entertaining.

† Jonson's genius and learning shine to advantage in his Volpone, Alchymist, Silent Woman, and Every Man in his Humour. It is to be lamented his characters are not more general.

‡ Let me join my voice to the universal chorus of praise to Shakspeare, " *si quid loquar audiendum.*" It is merely a testimony of gratitude ; nor presumes to add to that fame which has been celebrated, not to mention a thousand others, by the nervous prose of Johnson, and the rapturous poetry of Gray. O " *Magnum et memorabile nomen !*"

THE DRAMA.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD the following scattered remarks on the Greek Drama be deemed worthy of insertion in your Magazine, I shall take the liberty of resuming them at leisure, and am, Sir, Your humble Servant,

GRAIUS.

IT will not be necessary for my purpose to inquire into the state of the Grecian Stage, before it had been reduced into a rational form by Æschylus. Before his time we hear of nothing but the wanderings of Thespis and his colleagues, and the exhibitions of their monstrous buffooneries,—the *Gammer Gurtons* of Greece. It was Æschylus who first introduced a second person in the scene, and improved the nature of the exhibition by the addition of scenery and other decorations. At the same time he furnished plays worthy of being represented with the utmost splendour of ornament, and is therefore as eminently entitled to be called the Father of the Grecian Stage, as Shakspeare of our English Drama. But we may perceive the superiority of the British over the Grecian poet in this; Æschylus invented, but his inventions were improved upon by his successors, Sophocles and Euripides: Shakspeare carried the drama at once to the utmost degree of perfection, and left nothing to the poets of succeeding generations, but to tread in his steps, and to imitate, though never to reach, his beauties.

Æschylus was a native of Athens, and, like all the sons of that illustrious Republic, was trained up to the profession of arms. This profession he did not disgrace: in the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa, he acquired a degree of military reputation, which of itself would have been sufficient to have ennobled his name in the annals of history, had it not been eclipsed by the superior lustre of his dramatic fame. The glory of the soldier is lost in that of the poet.

The distinguishing characteristic of Æschylus is a daring, and frequently dreadful, sublimity: his imagination is strong and comprehensive, but disorderly and

wild: it disdains the confined bounds of probability; and delights

"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;"

In reviewing his seven dramas, which, out of sixty-six, or, as some say, ninety, that were written by him, are the only ones which have come down to us, the first in order, as perhaps in merit, is the Prometheus Vinctus, a tragedy which abounds with beauties of the highest rank, and is indeed little, if at all, inferior to any of the productions of the ancient drama.

Of this play the subject is sublimely grand, and the moral is awfully instructive. The principal character is a God, reduced to the most degrading situation, and punished with the bitterest torments for rebellion against the superior Deity. It is true, that through the whole tragedy the proud spirit of Prometheus is not sufficiently subdued to submit to the power of his tormentor, and warn the spectators by his verbal precepts against impiety: but we behold him agonizing in pains, and groaning under miseries sufficiently poignant to deter us from a similar crime; and the important lesson is more strongly enforced by the consideration of the dignity of the sufferer, and his superiority over our mortal nature. If a god be thus punished for rebellion against the Almighty Governor of the universe, how shall a mere man dare to be guilty of impiety?

By these means our terror is excited from the very opening of the drama; and to our pity Prometheus is eminently entitled, since his disobedience to the Thunderer originated in benevolence to men, and consisted in extending to them forbidden privileges*.

The opening scene of the play represents Strength and Violence, (the instruments of Jupiter) under the super-

---

* "Πᾶσαι τέχναι βρότοισιν ἐκ Προμηθέως."—v. 505.

Prometheus, enumerating the benefits he had conferred upon men, and their wretched condition before he had imparted to them the useful arts, has a sentiment exactly similar to one in the Psalms, and which indeed is repeated in several passages of the sacred writings:—

"They have ears, and hear not: eyes have they, and they see not.—Ps. 135.

"Οι πρῶτα μὲν βλέποντες ἔβλεπον μάτην,
"Κλύοντες οὐκ ἤκουον."—v. 446, 7.

intendence of Vulcan, chaining Prometheus to the rock*, which was destined to be his habitation for 30,000 years. During this operation, Prometheus maintains a sullen silence, and pays not the least regard either to the taunts of the Thunderer's ministers, or to the condolence of Vulcan, who was his relation, and had undertaken with reluctance the task which he could not evade. At length they depart, and Prometheus bursts out in a strain of indignation, and calls upon the elements to witness his disgraceful sufferings. He continues his lamentations, mixed with scoffs at the usurpation of Jupiter, in language the most energetic, and sentiments the most sublime. I cannot quote: were I to begin, I should not know where to end: the whole of his speech, and his subsequent scene with the Chorus (consisting of his relatives, the Oceanides), is one huge mass of sublimity.

In the succeeding interview with the God of the ocean, who comes to condole with him on his misfortunes, his character is preserved, "*qualis ab incepto processerat;*" he rejects with equal contempt that God's advice to resignation, and his proposals of intercession with Jupiter. After his departure, there follows a scene between Prometheus and the Chorus, perhaps rather tedious and uninteresting: but this defect is amply compensated by the introduction of Iö, who had been driven by the vindictive jealousy of Juno to wander over the world in a most pitiable condition, and who is artfully represented by the poet to have passed in the course of her wanderings over the very mountain on which Prometheus was fixed. Her introductory exclamations are lively, natural, and highly poetical: her story is skilfully interwoven with the leading subject of the drama, and Prometheus, in perfect consistency with his character, takes occasion from it to heap fresh reproaches upon Jupiter, whom he upbraids with the undeserved misery, which he had suffered to fall on his paramour,

* Perhaps through the whole range of the drama, both ancient and modern, there is not a stage-situation more dreadfully sublime, than this of Prometheus chained to the rock,—except indeed that incomparable scene of our Shakspeare, in which Lear enters, "*with Cordelia dead in his arms!*" For this noble scene, however, the managers of our theatres substitute, in the representation, the insipid, ridiculous burlesque of Nahum Tate; because, I suppose, the feelings of the audience would be too much affected by the original;—as if it were not the grand object of tragedy to refine our passions by means of pity and terror!

The concluding scene of the tragedy introduces Mercury, who is sent by Jupiter to demand submission from the sufferer: but Prometheus still remains obdurate. He disdains to listen to the commands of the Thunderer, and openly insults his messenger, at whose departure the play concludes amid thunder and lightning, and all the horrible denunciations of the vengeance of the offended Deity.

The only characters of this tragedy of any prominence are those of Iö and Prometheus, which are supported throughout with sentiments suited to their circumstances, and language suited to their sentiments. The Choral Odes are perhaps upon the whole not equal to those of other plays of Æschylus: they are however always beautiful, and frequently sublime.

It may be questioned, whether Milton has not borrowed something in his Paradise Lost from this noble play. The characters, or rather the situations, of Prometheus and Satan, are very similar; and the following sentiments bear a strong resemblance, although our English poet has certainly improved upon his original, by the idea of *reigning in hell.* Prometheus thus addresses Mercury:

" Τῆς σῆς λατρείας τὴν ἔμην δυσπραξίαν,
" Σάφως ἐπισας', ὡς ἂν ἀλλάξαιμ' ἔγω
" Κρεῖσσον γᾶρ οἶμαι τῇδε λατρέυειν πέτρᾳ,
" Ηπατρὶ φῦναι Ζῆνι πιστον ἄγγελον."

v. 965—8.

" Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."—MILTON.

In this play, we may suppose, are contained those expressions of impiety, which had very nearly proved fatal to Æschylus. In the character of Prometheus, the poet foretels in plain terms the fall of Jupiter's authority:

" Ιω. Η γὰρ ποτ' εστιν ἐκπεσεῖν ἄρχης Δία;
" Προ. 'Ως τοίνυν ὄντων τῶνδε, σοὶ μαθεῖν πάρα."

v. 56, 9.

How are such expressions to be reconciled to that gross and servile superstition, in which the Heathen world was clouded? One could almost imagine for a moment, that the poet himself had been inspired with the power of prophecy, and had foreseen the dispersion of the mists of false religion before the glorious sun of Christianity.

OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERVED.

It is not sufficiently known that this Tragedy is greatly indebted for its characters, as well as its plot, to St. Réal's *Conjurations des Espagnols contre la République de Venise.* The ground-work of the tragedy is of course matter of history; and so are all the characters (names and all) except Antonio, who is always omitted in the representation, and Belvidera. Otway, for the sake of introducing female interest into the play, has brought about the "discovery of the Plot" by means of Belvidera, instead of Barthelemi Comino, Secretary to the Council of Ten, as the history relates. The only other respect in which the Tragedy differs from the History, is that the catastrophe of the former is more summary and upon the heroics, than the conclusion of the latter, which shall be here transcribed. In the History, Pierre, instead of being stabbed by his friend, is, with the other Conspirators, executed by the Senate; and the narrative thus proceeds:—

"Cependant Jaffier, désespéré du mauvais succés de sa compassion, se plaignoit hautement de ce que le Doge et le Conseil des Dix ne tenoient pas la parole qu'ils lui avoient donnée en faveur de ses compagnons. Elle n'avoit été violée qu'après une mure deliberation. Plusieurs même vouloient qu'on l'observât religieusement. D'autres remontrèrent que la chose pourroit etre douteuse si on n'avoit su la conjuration que par Jaffier; mais que les deux Dauphinois qui l'avoient aussi revélée mettoient le Senat en plein droit d'en user de la même sorte que si Jaffier n'avoit rien decouvert. Cet avis l'emporta, soutenu par l'horreur et la frayeur publique, quoiqu'il y eût plusieures choses à dire au contraire.

"On tâcha d'appaiser Jaffier par toute sorte de moyens. On lui offrit de l'argent et de l'emploi. Il refusa tout, s'obstina à demander, inutilement, la vie de ses compagnons, et sortit enfin de Venise, inconsolable de leur supplice. Le Senat l'ayant su, lui envoya un ordre de vuider les Etats de la République dans trois jours, sur peine de la vie, et quatre mille sequins, qu'on le forca de prendre La pitié qu'il ressentoit pour ses compagnons se redoubloit autant de fois qu'il considéroit qu'il étoit la cause de leur mort. Il apprit en chemin que l'entreprise sur Bresse étoit encore en état de reussir. Le desir de se venger du Senat l'obligea à s'aller jeter dans cette ville: mais il y fut à peine, que les Dix ayant penétré cette affaire par des papiers des conjurés, on y envoya des troupes qui s'emparérent des postes principaux, et passérent au fil de l'épée quelques Espagnols qui y avoient été introduits. Jaffier fut pris combattant à leur tête comme un homme qui ne cherche qu'à vendre chérement sa vie; et etant conduit à Venise peu de jours après, il y fut noyé le lendemain de son arrivée."

It may be added, that, in the History, Bedimar is the prominent figure; and that Renault is more conspicuous

there than he is in the Tragedy. There is such a character in the History as that of the Courtezan, at whose house the plot is laid: but we hear of no such silly dotard as Antonio in her train. This disgusting charactc. is purely Otway's.

While I am upon this play, it may not be amiss to remark that the *Hey then up go we!* which Antonio sings, is the burthen of a song in ridicule of the Puritans by Quarles.

†‡†

COMMENT ON RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

I do not remember that any commentator on Beaumont and Fletcher has illustrated the following passage, which to me appears to require some explanation:

> " Do you conceive, as our Jennets do, with a west wind?"
> Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. Act 4. Scene last.

This question, which is from the mouth of Leon, is adduced by him as the supposed cause of his wife's pretended premature pregnancy; and alludes to an opinion which anciently prevailed, that mares were sometimes impregnated with the " west wind." There is an excellent description of this miraculous circumstance in one of the Georgics of Virgil; and the whole passage is translated by Dryden in a manner worthy its author:—

> ——— " Ante omnes furor est insignis *Equarum:*
> * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
> " Illas ducit Amor trans Gargara transque sonantem
> " Ascanium; superant Montes, et flumina tranant.
> " Continuòque avidis ubi subdita flamma Medullis,
> " Vere magis (quia vere Calor redit Ossibus) illæ
> " Ore omnes versæ in *Zephyrum* stant rupibus altis,
> " Exceptantque leves Auras: et sæpe sine ullis
> " Conjugiis, *vento gravidæ* (mirabile dictu!)
> " Saxa per, et Scopulos, et depressas Convalles
> " Diffugient."— *Georgic.* 3. *v.* 266—77.
>
> ——— " Far above the rest the furious *mare,*
> " Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair.
> * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
> " For love they force thro' thickets of the wood,
> " They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.
> " When at the Spring's approach their marrow burns,
> " (For with the Spring their genial warmth returns)
> " The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
> " And with wide nostrils snuff the *western air:*
> " When (wond'rous to relate!) the *parent wind*
> " Without the stallion propagates the kind."—DRYDEN.

Surely, Mr. Editor, when such passages as this are left without illustration, there is great want of a new Edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works!

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

DRAMATICUS.

ON THE STAGE-COSTUME OF OLD COMEDY.

THE dresses of old Comedy should always be brought down to those of the present times, if the characters which are ridiculed in old Comedy are to have any effect on the present times. When an audience sees those characters arrayed in the garb of the days in which they were drawn, it will no more consider them as examples for their edification, than it will their dress as models for their imitation; it will be too apt to exclaim, "This is not one of us! he can be no guide to our conduct!" and thus the end of comedy is lost. Add to this, that our actors of old Comedy never appear in the huge periwigs, nor our actresses in the enormous hoops and head-dresses, which ought to correspond with the gold lace and swords of the former: the monstrosity of the wigs would break the charm at once; and female dress undergoing even more fluctuation than male, that of a century ago, our actresses are well aware, would be "hooted from the stage." The consequence of this is, that the female characters of old Comedy are dressed in the height of modernism, while the male are, with the exception of wigs, dressed in the height of antiquity. At any rate, let us have a consistency; let us not see a lady with a *ridicule* on her arm, and a gentleman with a sword on his side, conversing together, any where but in a dialogue in the shades; let us not "put new wine into old bottles." The truth is, however, that every thing in the representation of those comedies of the last century, of which the interest is not immediately connected with the times and characters, in and from which they were written, ought to be modernized as completely as the ladies' dresses: for this purpose, antiquated allusions and incidents ought either to be cut out or altered; and, in a word, the date of the year on the stage ought to be the same as the date of the year in the theatre, wherever this can be effected without anachronism; that is, wherever the play is writ-

ten for no particular times. This eternal conformity to the fashion of the times, is what a painter would give any thing to obtain for his portraits; and yet we are to deny it to a dramatist, for whose works it can be so easily obtained? So loath was Sir Joshua Reynolds to suffer his portraits to become antiquated by the changing fashi ons of dress, that he generally painted them in a fancy garb of his own, a practice to which he never would have resorted, had there been, as there is on the stage, any expedient to change the dress of his portraits as the fashion changed.

†‡†

PLAGIARISMS OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

MR. EDITOR,

In the very severe criticism of Mr. Lewis's Venoni, which appeared in the last Monthly Mirror, I was surprised that the Editor, who has really so much wit of his own, should have been guilty of the plagiarisms, from the Times and the Examiner, which the following passages will discover :—

" When Mr. Elliston and Mrs. H. Siddons appeared in these *dens*, without seeing each other, and soliloquized alternately, the effect was, in spite of all the horror of the scene, so ludicrous, that we wanted nothing but a showman in front to tell us which was *Miss Fanny Howe*, and which *Hector:* the scene reminded us of " that useful toy," a *weather-house*, in which *now the woman pops out, and now the man.*"—*Times, Dec.* 2, 1808.

" The lovers seemed determined to act Pyramus and Thisbe, like the players in Shakspeare, and to have no enjoyment, but through a wall."—*Examiner, Dec.* 18, 1808.

" Have you ever seen a *weather-glass, now the lady out, now the gentleman?* Such was the effect of this scene. We should have likened them in their two *dens*, to the *Royal Bengal Tyger*, and his *mate, but that there wanted a man with a long pole to stir them up in front.* Here was a situation for effect—if you could but keep your muscles down. Uuluckily this was not the case, and our *Pyramus and Thisbe*, without a hole in the wall, were obliged to go on."—*Monthly Mirror, for January.*

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

†‡†.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

JANUARY.

6. A new Comic Opera, called La Capricciosa Pentita (1). The Music by Fioravanti. The principal characters by Signior Naldi (being his first appearance these two years), Signior Morelli, Signior Rovedino, Signior Righi, Signior de Giovanni, Signora Griglietti, and Signora Collini (being her first performance in this country). Leader and Director of the Orchestra, Mr. Weischell. End of the first Act a new Asiatic Divertissement (2), composed by Mr. D'Egville, in which Mons. Vestris, and Madlle. Angiolini (from the Opera at Lisbon) will make their first appearance in this country. End of the Opera will be performed, for the first time, a new Grand Mythological Ballet, composed by Mr. D'Egville, entitled Les Amours de Glauque et Circe; ou, La Vengeance de Venus (3). The Music new, and composed by F. Venua, with entirely new scenes, dresses, and decorations. The principal characters by Mons. Deshayes, Miss Gayton, Miss Smith, and Mad. Deshayes, Mons. Vestris, Miss Twamley, Miss Davis, and Madlle. Angiolini.

7. Id. Id. Id.
10. Id. Id. Id.
14. Id. Id. Id.
17. Id. Id. Id.
21. Id. Id. Id.
25. Id. Id. Id.

(1). This Opera is just as much beneath criticism as any of the diurnal productions of this theatre. We need only say that in its second Act the heroine sings a regular air in her sleep! Signora Collini, who personates this heroine, has a very pleasing tenor voice, and a good notion of comic acting. She imitates Catalini, however, too much, both in her recitative and her action. She is no substitute for this fascinating singer, her voice completely failing her in bravura, and acting only as an under part in chorusses; so that till an alto soprano accedes to the theatre, its vocal department will be like an orchestra without a leader.

(2). This Asiatic Divertissement is well planned, and pleasing. Vestris, the grandson of him who associated himself in greatness with Voltaire and Charles XII. and told his son to kiss that foot which enchanted heaven and earth, and Madlle. Angiolini, made their first appearances in it. They bounded on the stage together, and skipped about "like young roes that are twins." The boards of the theatre never witnessed such wonderful agility before. Their steps are as firm as if they were cut in rocks, and as rapid as if they were cut by lightning. Vestris in his *pirouette* is a top, and not a man; and his *entre-chat* is both novel and brilliant. Here, however, the accomplishments of these professors of the new school of dancing cease; and

(3). The Ballet proves them to yield in grace to Monsieur and Madame Deshayes. The superior figure, indeed, of Mons. Deshayes would command precedence over a much more graceful actor than Vestris; but the truth is, that grace is as much out of Vestris's plan as the possibility of expression is out of his face. Great as Vestris's merits are, an electric puppet beats him. The same may be said, in a less degree, of Angiolini, whose acting has not half the meaning of the late Presle's, although her dancing is superior to what that bewitching creature's was. In short, the Deshayeses will dance best if they act withal; Vestris and Angiolini will act best if they dance.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DECEMBER.

27. George Barnwell. George Barnwell (first time) Mr. Siddons. [Not acted these twelve years] the Pantomime of Robinson Crusoe, or Harlequin Friday. With the original Music to the first Part. The Overture and Music to the second Part, entirely new, composed by Messrs. D. and M. Corri. Robinson Crusoe (first time) Mr. D'Egville. Planter, Mr. Male. Planter's Man, Mr. Fairbrother. Lieutenant (with a song), Mr. Smith. Friday (first time), Mr. Laurent. The second Part, with additions and alterations, new scenery and decorations (1). Harlequin, Mr. Garbois. Mandarin, Mr. Male. Lover, Mr. Fairbrother. Cupid, Miss C. Bristow. Clown, Mr. Laurent. Columbine, Mrs. Sharp.

27. Busy Body. Sir George Airy, A YOUNG GENTLEMAN (2), being his first appearance on the stage.
28. Country Girl. Id.
29. Venoni. Id.
30. John Bull. Id.
31. Honey Moon. Id.

1809.

JANUARY 2. Romeo and Juliet. Id.
3 School for Scandal. Mrs. Candour (first time), Mrs. Eyre. Id.
4. Venoni. Id.
5. [Never acted] A new Comedy, in five Acts, called MAN AND WIFE; or, MORE SECRETS THAN ONE (3). Principal Characters, Lord Austincourt, Mr. Holland. Sir Rowland Austincourt, Mr. Powell. Charles Austincourt, Mr. Elliston. Sir Willoughby Worritt, Mr. Dowton. Abel Grouse, Mr. Wroughton. Cornelius O'Dedimus, Mr. Johnstone. Ponder, Mr. Mathews. Sailor, Mr. Smith. Lady Austincourt, Mrs. Harlowe. Helen, Mrs. Jordan. Fanny, Mrs. H. Siddons. Maid, Mrs. Scott. The Prologue spoken by Mr. Mathews. The Epilogue by Mrs. Jordan. Rosina. Captain Belville, Mr. J. Smith.
6. Id. Robinson Crusoe.
7. Id. Id.
9. Id. Id.
10. Id. Id.
11. Id. Id.
12. Id. Id.
13. Id. Id.
14. Id. Id.
16. Id. Blue Beard.
17. Id. (4). Robinson Crusoe.
18. Id. Helen, (second time), Miss Ray. Id.
19. Id. Blue Beard.
20. Id. Robinson Crusoe.
21. Id. Id.
23. Id. Helen, Mrs. Jordan. Blue Beard.
24. Id. Robinson Crusoe.

(1.) Of this pantomime, it is necessary to say but little. The first act of it was composed some twenty years ago by Mrs. Sheridan, and is not without interest. The second is a mere harlequinade adapted to the dead scenes of Mr. Cherry's late Travellers.

(2.) This "young gentleman" whose name we understand to be Kent, obtained, from his father's newspaper-connection, much diurnal praise, although, in our opinion, he deserves little that is lasting. He is so excellent an *actor*, that he has appeared in comedy but once, and is now, we are informed, to come forward a *singer*.

(3.) This comedy is the production of Mr. Arnold, the gentleman who, together with Mr. Pye, "furnished the useful ballast of stupidity" to a comedy called the Prior Claim. The comedy of Man and Wife is as dull as the ministerial benches, and yet as patriotic as the opposition; for in the drama, dulness and patriotism are synonymous. We have not sat out a more annoying play since Mr. Cherry's Day in London, in point of the pitch of generosity to which the characters work themselves up, and since Mr. Siddons's Time's a Tell-tale, in point of that of patriotism. These are the two great clap-trappers of Man and Wife: the sight of generous deeds, and the sound of noble sentiments, must ensure applause from every one, who does not wish to be thought a niggard or a scoundrel; and these are pretty profusely scattered throughout Mr. Arnold's play. The plot of Man and Wife is about the pitch of those superior order of tales for young people, which are published at juvenile libraries. The wicked uncle and guardian of a young lord, having a son of his own, about the same age as his nephew, tempted by ambition, "CHANGES THE CHILDREN:" his son, however, growing up as wicked as himself, or as his nephew is virtuous, he is induced at a catastrophe-scene to confess his deception, to the overthrow of vice and the reward of virtue. Vice, however, suddenly repents, and professes himself very happy that a marriage which he intended to have been performed by a sham-priest and a forged licence, should, like that in the Vicar of Wakefield, have really been, by the just contrivance of the agent in the affair, performed by a real priest and a valid licence. This is the substance of Mr. Arnold's plot; for the Man and Wife end their quarrels where they began, giving the world no receipt for their annihilation.

The present play was ushered into the theatre, it appears by Mr. Arnold's preface, by Mrs. Jordan, who seems to have possessed more good-nature than taste upon the occasion. Her part is the only prominent character, and it is a very incongruous one. The reader

must fancy to himself, for there never was such a thing in nature, a young lady of fashionable parents, who elopes alone to take a walk in St. James's Park before breakfast, from whence she brings home flowers for the purpose of asking her father, why every body is not unaffected like them. The young lady must be very simple and inartificial; and yet capable of laying traps for flippant satire upon a lord who is her admirer, and of concealing the man she admires in her father's house. With these ingredients, mix much alternate vulgarity and refinement, and the whole will come out to be Helen Worritt. The young lady takes her name, but not her nature, from her father Sir Willoughby Worritt, a word which is evidently a vulgar mistake of the author for Worry. The vulgar and satirical parts of the character Mrs. Jordan gave with her best appropriateness; but her appearance was a woeful set-off to the youthful. Mr. Arnold's heroine is a character with whom nobody can "feel the flame" which Mr. Elliston, as the hero, "feigns."

The dialogue of this comedy is, as we have hinted, very insipid: Mr. Arnold generally contrives that his performers shall go off with a clap-trap or a point: he has learnt what this will effect; and we will venture to say that, had it not been for this stratagem, the general dulness of his dialogue would have shewn the audience his play in its real unfringed deformity: a theatrical man, however, knows very well what a border of tinsel will do for the coarsest garb. The dialogue in general has all the faults of the modern drama. 1. It is ungrammatical; e. g. "*Falkner.* I bore it *easy.*" Act 3, scene 2. "*Falkner.* Well, I shall be happy to see your daughter; but she must not marry this lord. *Sir Willoughby.* No! *who* then?" Act 4, scene 3. 2. It makes puns, which are such in sound only (for "gentle dulness ever loves a joke"); e. g. "*O'Dedimus* [an attorney!] If I proceed upon my *bond*, it will be very much against my *judgment.*" Now this is legally a lie. 3. It makes one of its characters iterate a cant phrase; i. e. "if I may be allowed the expression."

We noticed one or two plagiarisms in the play, which we may as well point out: the phrase in the following line of the prologue is borrowed from the epilogue to the World:

"While she at routs the *war of elbows* dares:"

and we all know whereabouts in the Rivals a sentiment and language like the following occurs: "such *robust health* is becoming only in dairy maids"

Upon the whole, we are extremely dissatisfied with this comedy; and the more so, as it has not been consigned to that oblivion, to which it is ultimately doomed, so soon as we had reason to expect it would be, but has for the whole month robbed us of that wit and humour whose place it so ill supplies.

(4.) On account of the inclemency of the weather, Mrs. Jordan could not attend at the theatre this evening. Her part in the comedy was performed by Miss Ray.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET (COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY).

DECEMBER.

26. Venice Preserved. Pierre, (first time) Mr. Pope. The Pantomime of Harlequin and Mother Goose, revived with additional splendour, to conclude with two new scenes, representing the ruins of the old Covent-Garden Theatre, and its transformation to a new one. (1)

27. Town and Country. Id.

28. Exile. Id.

29. Jane Shore. Alicia, Mrs. Beaumont. Id.

30. [Not acted these seven years] The Busy Body. Marplot, Mr. Lewis. Sir George Airy, Mr. Jones. Sir Francis Gripe, Mr. Munden. Sir Jealous Traffic, Mr. Blanchard. Miranda, Mrs. H. Johnston. Isabinda, Miss Bristow. Patch, Mrs. Gibbs. Id.

31. Exile. Id.

JANUARY.

2. Hamlet. Id.

3. Beaux' Stratagem. Mrs. Sullen, Mrs. C. Kemble. Cherry, Mrs. Gibbs. Id.

4. Iron Chest. Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Young. Wilford, Mr. C. Kemble. Adam Winterton, Mr. Fawcett. Rawbold, Mr. Murray. Sampson, Mr. Liston. Lady Helen, Mrs. H. Johnston. Id.

5. Busy Body. Id.

6. Speed the Plough. Bob Handy, Mr. Jones. Id.

7. Poor Gentleman. Id.

8. Revenge. Zanga, Mr. Young. Id.

10. Iron Chest. Id.

11. Macbeth. Macbeth, Mr. Young. [3] Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons. Who Wins?

12. Man of the World. Harlequin and Mother Goose.

13. Gamester. Beverly, Mr. Young. Id.

14. Othello. Tom Thumb.

16. Merchant of Venice. [4] Shylock, Mr. Cooke. Portia, Miss Norton. Launcelot, Mr. Simmons. Harlequin and Mother Goose.

17. Provoked Husband. Lord Townley, Mr. Young. Lady Townley, Mrs. H. Johnston. Id.

18. Macbeth. Portrait of Cervantes.

19. Exile. Prisoner at Large.

20. Gamester. Harlequin and Mother Goose.

21. Exile. Katherine and Petruchio.

23. King Richard the Third. Harlequin and Mother Goose.

24. King Henry the Fourth, part the first. Hotspur, Mr. Young. Id.

[1] This pantomime is very well got up at this theatre: the novelties in it are the Counsellor Crumpy and watch-house scenes from Harlequin in his Elements, and two new concluding scenes, representing the ruins of the old, and the elevation of the new Covent-Garden theatre. But in talking of this pantomime, we ought to speak only of Mr. Grimaldi, who is the heart, life and soul of the piece, and whose face we seriously consider to possess more powers of expression than that of any performer on the stage, tragic or comic. A judicious brother-critic has been lately lamenting the little use which our best performers make of the muscles of the lower part of the face: let him look at those of Mr. Grimaldi in his happiest expression: there is not one which he forgets to employ: he has as despotic a command over his own muscles, as he has over those of his audience. How full of various meaning is his countenance, as he slides into the attitude of tying his shoe-string, from an attempt to steal from a barrow, upon which its owner had suddenly glanced! And when, having conciliated the affections of the owner of this barrow, by the most inimitable affectation of bashful love, he is encouraged openly to approach the barrow, we rank his "May I?" with Mr. Kemble's "Is it the king?" or Mrs. Siddons's "Was he alive?" We are not trifling when we say, that Mr.

Grimaldi makes more of his face, (we do not mean in the way of distortion, for here we think he yields to Mr. Munden, but in the way of expression) than any performer on the stage: it is true, that, from the pantomime of his parts, this is almost all he has to trust to, "his face is his fortune;" and this is probably the reason he has brought it to so wonderful a pitch of perfection; but however this may be, it presents a model of various and finished expression, from which our best comedians might profitably study. His voice, we are rather inclined to think, is monotonous.

(2) The word "here," we have reason to believe, means "at this Haymarket Theatre," and not "by this Covent Garden Company."

(3) Mr. Kemble's illness has given this masterly character, along with many others, to Mr. Young. Mr. Young has evidently not studied Macbeth with the same attention, which he has bestowed upon Hamlet, and falls much lower at the feet of Mr. Kemble in the former character, than in the latter. Mr. Young, in our opinion, did little for Macbeth but declaim a few of its passages well. His soliloquy to the dagger was worth hearing: but we are astonished that neither he nor Mr. Kemble have discovered that the words,

> "And on the blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
> "Which was not so before."

instead of being syllabized out, like all the rest of the speech, should be hurried over in that distracted tone, with which one announces an unexpected and horrid discovery. Let Mr. Young think of this. Mr. Kemble would not take hint for improvement from Shakspeare's Ghost itself. Mr. Young's finest passage was Macbeth's answer to the messenger, who brings him tidings of Birnam wood's coming to Dunsinane:

> "————If thou speak'st false,
> "Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
> "Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
> "*I care not if thou dost for me as much.*"

The choaked despair with which this line was uttered was grand in the extreme.

Mr. Young read his part very incorrectly in several places: this is not to be borne. He adopted too, we think hastily, Dr. Johnson's reading, "I *pall* in resolution," instead of "I *pull* in resolution," as all the early

editions of Shakspeare have it. Steevens defends the old reading very ingeniously, and, to our minds, very satisfactorily. "There is surely" says he, "no need of change; for Shakspeare, who made Trinculo, in the Tempest, say—

"I will *let loose* my opinion,"

might have written—

"I *pull in* my resolution."

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice; but, seeing his danger, resolves to *check* that confidence, to which he had *given the rein before.*" "This reading," adds the Right Hon. Monck Mason, "is supported by a passage in Fletcher's Sea Voyage, where Aminta says:

"———— and all my spirits,
"As if they heard my passing-bell go for me,
"*Pu*[illegible]*eir powers*, and give me up to destiny."

The meaning of the phrase, it may still be added, may not only be "I *rein in* my resolution," but "my resolutions pull different ways," "I *pull* in resolution."

Mr. Young is rather fond of innovation: when Macbeth enters and says,

"Why should I play the Roman fool and die
"On mine own sword?"

Mr. Young previously paused at the attitude of this species of suicide.

(4.) We are sorry to see Miss Norton occupy with such "quiet enjoyment" the second tragic characters of this theatre. Her Portia in male attire was like that of a boarding-school boy, undulating the part to the astonishment of papa and mama. We observe in the enunciation of this lady a perpetual inclination to sound the soft *ch*. Her talents seem to revolt from tragedy as greatly as nature abhors a vacuum, or the law a perpetuity.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

There is no foundation, we understand, for the report of Miss Smith's marriage with Mr. Power.

It is at Drury-Lane, we are told, that Mrs. Edwin is engaged.

The Opera, announced at Drury-Lane, is from the pen of Charles Ward, Esq. Secretary to the Board of Management of that Theatre, and joint-writer of the Forty Thieves with Mr. Colman.